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REPLIES TO INGERSOLL ON THOMAS PAINE.

J. B. McCLURE.

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Edward P. Goodwin

E. P. GOODWIN, D.D.

[See page 71.]

[Photographed by Mosher.]

MISTAKES

OF

INGERSOLL

ON

THOMAS PAINE,

AS SHOWN BY

E. P. GOODWIN, D.D., WM. M. BLACKBURN, D.D.,
BISHOP FALLOWS, REV. SIMEON GILBERT,
PERE HYACINTHE, PROF. WILCOX,
REV. JAMES MACLAUGHLIN,
W. F. HATFIELD, D.D.,
AND OTHERS.

INCLUDING ALSO

INGERSOLL'S LECTURE ON THOMAS PAINE.

EDITED BY

J. B. McCLURE.

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PREFACE.

Under cover of eulogizing Thomas Paine—recently in Chicago—Col. Ingersoll has again pronounced his terrible invectives against the Church. As an intellectual comet, he seems to be moving with increasing velocity, and in fearful proximity to the great central orb, whose brilliancy he threatens to shatter into stars of telescopic magnitude. It is believed, however, he will pass his sublime perihelion without serious results. No comet yet ever injured the Sun; *per contra*, that luminary is believed to have utterly annihilated whole armies of these erratic bodies! At any rate, this volume locates—for the present—the Colonel's Right Ascension and Declination in the moral heavens.

This time it is Messrs. Goodwin, Fallows, Blackburn, Wilcox, Gilbert, Maclaughlin, Hatfield, and others, who stand up in the defense of truth. Again, we acknowledge our indebtedness to friends and the press—especially the *Advance*—for favors received.

Chicago, March 2, 1880

J. B. McCLURE.

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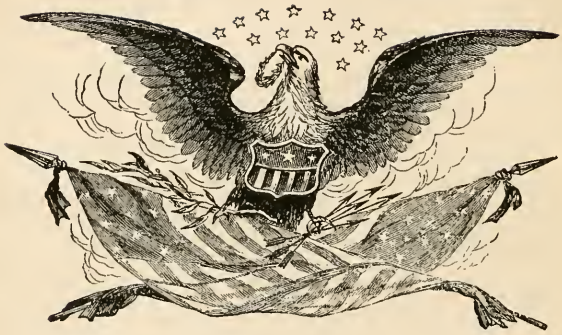

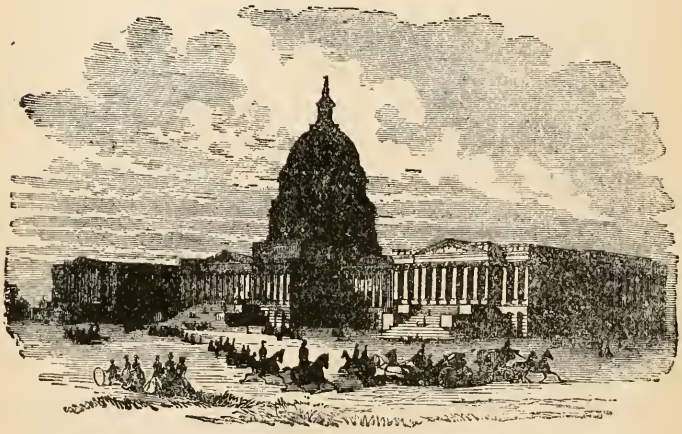

MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL

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SIMEON GILBERT'S REPLY.

(Editor *Advance.*)

Heavy Cannonading Against the Ingersoll Citadel—The Learned Editor Parks His Artillery—Twenty-one Effective Shots.

Col. Ingersoll's address on Thomas Paine—delivered in Chicago, January 29th, 1880—was in some respects so outrageous as to be best answered by declaring it a prodigy of unfairness. Its alleged facts in regard to Paine may be true, but some of the assumptions and assertions, right and wrong, made by Col. Ingersoll, may be profitably noted:

1. "The man who will tell the truth about the dead is a good man, and for one about this man, I intend to tell just as near the truth as I can." A good round compliment, at the outset, from the orator for himself, patly offered! "The man who tells the truth is a good man." True, since truth-telling is a virtue. But what of one who tells only this or

that truth; or little bits of truth; who so mixes truth with falsehood, that it can hardly be known from falsehood, but is horribly distorted and perverted? The lies of slander or superstition are no worse than those of flattery or infidelity.

2. "Why would God give an inspired book to the world and not see to it that it was translated right?" As well ask, "Why would God make a man and endow him with reason, without seeing that he use his reason aright?"

3. "John Calvin would have liked to roast Prof. Swing. The church was ignorant, bloody, relentless." "It waged war against human nature." But only because blind to some of Christ's precepts, and not yet delivered from traditional error.

4. "A friend of man is also a friend of God—if there is one." True; the true friend of man will not turn his back to God. Nor is he any friend of God who has no heart of friendship for mankind. There is no schism between true philanthropy and true piety. He who rejects God and worships man has a very poor Deity to worship, even if he worship himself! There are sham pretenses of philanthropy, as there are also of piety. "If there be a God" (and Mr. Ingersoll never denies that perhaps there is one) to go about the country trying to destroy loving, grateful loyalty to Him is a sorry office of friendship for man.

5. "Paine said, 'To argue with a man who has renounced his reason is like giving medicine to the dead.' This sentence ought to adorn the walls of every orthodox church." Grand! So Paul would say, "Prove all things." So Locke, "He that takes away reason to make way for revelation puts out the light of both." So Butler, "Reason is the only faculty we have to judge of anything, even revelation itself." So Cook, "I want no pulpit that is not built on

rendered reasons." The orthodox of our day generally preach the reasonableness of the great doctrines. We join hands with the rationalists in saying that faith can not go without or against reason. We never need go even above and beyond reason without finding *reason* for so doing. If only men could let reason tell them when, and what, and whom to believe, instead of going against testimony, against authority, against revelation, in neglect and defiance of reason! Science itself, though it carry them into skepticism, would lead them back to faith.

6. "'Paine's Rights of Man' should be read especially by every minister." That depends on whether the rights are treated with proper regard to duties, or are the rights of those who want a reckless license, instead of lawful liberty. Besides, not every minister wants to take tartar emetic into his stomach.

7. "To vote against the execution of the king was to vote against his own life, and there isn't a theologian who has ever maligned Thomas Paine that had the courage to do that thing." Doubtless there is sometimes a marvelous courage in even the most wicked men; sometimes splendid heroism in otherwise bad men, just as there is a wondrous and charming gift of eloquence sometimes turned ungratefully against the divine Being who bestowed it. True, those who malign Paine or Ingersoll may not like to be martyrs. But the courage to stand by the most sacred convictions and doctrines, the courage to oppose those who in the name of reason renounce reason, or in the name of morality defame religion, the courage to test all popular science and oratory by the right standards—this is of a far higher kind.

8. "Every abuse had been embalmed in Scripture." True, just as the devil quoted Scripture, and Ingersoll

makes capital out of the Tract Society and the New York *Observer*. But Scripture stands firm and rebukes those who so misinterpret and pervert its meaning.

9. "By some unaccountable infatuation belief has been, and still is, considered of immense importance." True, but not the mere belief of the head, not "a mere intellectual conviction" which says "Yes," but that which, while it credits, also trusts and obeys—that faith which according to Coleridge's definition, is "the synthesis of the reason and the will," and which naturally results in the purification of the whole character, the highest possible inspiration to a true life.

10. Paine asserted "any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child can not be a true system." "Beautiful sentiment!" But that depends on what the shock is, which may be nothing worse than a shock of surprise and wonder, or a shock of conviction of sin, or a shock of the fear of righteous judgment. Whatever shocks a child's mind, or a man's mind by running counter to its native intuitions or its common-sense judgments, or its sound reasonings, is undoubtedly false. Infidelity like Ingersoll shocks all noble and tender sensibilities, the most conscientious and rational beliefs. What more shocking to a good child than to be told, "There is no God," "no soul," "no truth in religion!"

11. "Why any one should be punished for acting honorably in accordance with reason"—"endowed with reason simply that our souls may be caught in its toils and snares"—"given reason simply that we may through faith ignore its deductions and avoid its conclusions"—such an idea is, as Ingersoll says, preposterous. But why charge it against the "entire orthodox world?" Such a charge is totally unfair, and can only be made by a mind blinded to

just discrimination by unreasoning prejudice. The "orthodox" object only to making reason a "goddess," and erecting her altar under the shadow of the Eternal Throne, and substituting in her name the worship of self for the worship of God.

12. "I deny that whosoever believeth, etc." Who is this denier of Christ's own doctrine? Not one who lacks reverence only, but reason; for he takes the belief required to be one which "no man can control," and pronounces it "senseless," "infamous," ridiculous, as if it were better to "malign" Christ than Paine.

13. "Gratitude is a virtue, ingratitude a crime, whether there be a God or not." True conscience in every unperverted mind says: "I ought to be grateful." But what is there which can both require and produce gratitude so well as religion? There is nothing else so distinctive in the Christian religion as its appeals to the sentiment of gratitude. It is in this respect absolutely unique. In this precisely is seen the supremacy of its power, the sweetness of its constraint, the honorableness of its motives. "If there be a God," and He has given us a Revelation, and a Saviour, Mr. Ingersoll is right—"ingratitude is a crime."

14. "Christianity is better now because there is less of it"—Why not say, because there is more reason with a less "blind" or "unreasoning" faith?

15. "There is but one test by which to measure a man. Did he leave this world better than he found it? Of course he did, if he was a *bad* man, for he made it worse while in it, especially if he became great, and only the more dangerous on account of his shining gifts and unprincipled virtues. Besides, if he did really leave the world better for his having lived in it, was it better because he designed and accomplished the good, or only because

the Lord made a good use of him and overruled his life for the world's benefit?

16. "The church is and always has been incapable of a forward movement." True only of the "church" which "has reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to exile," and hardly true now even of that ecclesiasticism.

17. "As the human race has advanced, the church has lost power." Yes, every church, so far as its creed is "the ignorant past bullying the enlightened present;" but the race has not advanced by any mere creedless negations. No nation has advanced by cutting loose from its religion. "Doubters and infidels" are not to be put with "investigators" as saviors. Events are heralded by ideas, positive convictions. "Bibles and creeds," so far as the creeds are true to the Bible, have been the advancing and triumphing forces. It was *Paine's political creed* which gave him power—his belief in liberty. His reason would have had far more power if used *for* religion instead of against it.

18. "I deny that the worship of God is the end and object of this life. I deny it. The Infinity needs nothing from me. I can neither hurt Him nor help Him." But what if you do not treat Him fairly, justly, or even decently? What if you use against Him the reason and eloquence He gave you? What if you do not say "Thank you" for life, health, reason, liberty, home, while yet "ingratitude is the blackest of crimes?"

19. "Virtue does not consist in believing, but in doing." "Sublime truth," indeed! But to believe as Christianity requires is to *do* something more sublime, more manly, more womanly, more child-like, than any mere pioneer in modern thought or science or patriotism ever dreamed.

20. "Is there any God in the heavens who hates a

patriot?" "A God who hates" is not the God who loves, but the God of love must condemn the ungodly, if not inhuman, patriot who cares for his own family or country, without proper regard to the rest of the world, and idolizes patriotism as a substitute for philanthropy and even piety.

21. "Ought the sailor to throw away his compass and depend entirely upon the fog?" The witty rhetorician could not ask himself a better question. Ought a man to throw away the Bible, and with it all fairness of interpretation, and depend entirely upon his doubts? Ought a reasoner to throw away his candor and his power of making just discriminations, and depend wholly on his prejudices?

Col. Ingersoll should Discriminate, and be Fair.

The good and the bad in this world are strangely mixed. A constant necessity is upon us to use vigilant discrimination. And yet some minds seem to be incapable of exercising any discriminative fairness in their judgments. Individuals may be seen any day who are the veriest slaves of their one-sided prejudices. Public opinion, too, is often, from the same cause, cruelly unjust.

There are those who have the sense to perceive the things that differ; who have the courage to be candid; who are too thoroughly dominated by the spirit of fairness, to allow themselves to be victimized by any sort of capricious and perverse or merely traditional judgments; and who are perfectly convinced that, in the steady course of things, nothing is gained to the public good by refusing justice to any man.

Thomas Paine as a patriot, gifted with a very rare genius for seeing certain political facts, and for saying certain truths, at exactly the right time, and in a way to produce extraordinarily influential and beneficent results, and noble

consistency of devotion to the cause of human liberty, as he understood it, is one thing. "Tom Paine" as the "infidel," reviling the Bible, misconceiving and hating Christianity, scoffing at some of the deepest and most sacred instincts of the human heart, and often indulging in most indecent and blasphemous raillery, is another thing. Yet the two were combined in one person. His pamphlets entitled "Common Sense" and "The Crisis," published about the time of the Declaration of Independence, were undoubtedly among the most effective political pamphlets ever published. For the good he did in this way and for his other eminent services to the cause of national emancipation and human freedom, in that great crisis, he will ever be gratefully remembered by Americans. As for his "Age of Reason," written later in life, when the author had come under the influence of that fierce spasm of fanatical atheism, which fitly expressed itself in the French "reign of terror," it is one of the worst of books. In place of candor and fair reasoning, one finds in it the substitution of dogmatic assumption, willfully blind, passionately bitter perversion and caricature.

Col. Ingersoll's eulogy on Thomas Paine contains much that is true and brilliantly said, as well as much that is false and smartly put. His sketch of Paine's political career and vicissitudes, both in America and in France, is interesting. Paine's claim upon the grateful remembrance of his countrymen, as a forward champion of independence and liberty, in our first great national crisis, is just. Whatever must be thought of his passionate screeds of infidel vituperation, which Paine afterwards flung at the Bible and Christianity, we need not hesitate to acknowledge any real services rendered by him, directly or indirectly, to the cause of human progress.

Sam'l Fallows.

BISHOP FALLOWS.

(Photographed by Gentile.)

BISHOP FALLOWS' REPLY.

Col. Ingersoll at His Old Tricks—His Defense of Thomas Paine Only a New Cover Under Which He is Fighting the Church.

A gentleman in our midst, well known to the community and to the nation at large as an orator of eloquence, has recently lectured upon the infidel writer, Thomas Paine. I have no fault, whatever, to find with anything which may have been said respecting the eminent services Mr. Paine rendered the American Republic at the beginning of its history. I think that Christian people, as well as those who, par excellence, call themselves free thinkers, will be willing to accord to him his just meed of praise. It is not my purpose now to enter into any argument on that side of the subject. I do not touch on the point that the extravagant praise which has been accorded him is not founded upon a just appreciation of the political services rendered. I will not touch on the thought that there may have been a power behind the throne, as there doubtless was, urging on and giving weight to his publications.

What I want to do is to call attention to the fact that Mr. Ingersoll, in his crusade (I think I may call it tirade) against Christianity, has failed to discriminate between things which are entirely different; that he has created the impression that Christianity and the Christian Church of a past age are one and the same, and that all the corruptions of Christianity are to be charged over against it. He has repeatedly used the word *church;* he has not qualified it, but has given it in its broadest sense, and made

the whole church of Jesus Christ the object of unreasonable onslaught.

Ingersoll has failed as a logician, as a man of erudition, to distinguish between things that are entirely different. He has confounded *Christianity* with the *church*, and is attempting to show that the former has been and is responsible for the faults of the latter. Everybody must agree with him that the church has done what will bring the blush to the cheek of any man, and no one can undertake to defend such deeds. Ingersoll sees no distinction between the *church* as an earthly institution and the *fundamental principles upon which it was founded*, and which are of divine origin. He has assailed Christianity in many ways, and the defense of Thomas Paine is only a new cover under which he is fighting the same battle.

A just and obvious distinction must be made between Christianity as a civilizing agent, affecting men in their varied earthly relations, and Christianity as a spiritual power, securing everlasting life to individual believers. We have the right, and all historians exercise it, whether friendly or hostile to Christianity, to speak of a *Christian* civilization in contradistinction to *pagan* civilization, or a *Mohammedan* civilization, meaning thereby a civilization in which Christian ideas prevail, and in which the whole community share. Albert Barnes would call the far-reaching influences of these ideas the "radiations" of Christianity—the influences which have gone beyond the direct agency of the Christian system as a soul-saving power.

These influences are felt even by the leaders of modern thought, who may be regarded as unfriendly to spiritual Christianity. They are compelled to a greater or less degree to recognize the fundamental assumption of Christianity, the existence of a first great cause.

What Messrs. Spencer, Darwin, Mill, Tyndall and Paine Say of the Divine Existence—Paine Believes in One God and Immortality.

Mr. Spencer, whatever may be his confession of ignorance of what the infinite may be, yet admits its existence and vigorously defends it. The ultimate religious truth of the highest possible certainty is "that the power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable." "Appearance without reality is unthinkable." "To say that we can not know the absolute is, by implication, to affirm that there is an absolute."

Mr. Darwin says: "The question whether there exists a creator or ruler of the universe has been answered in the affirmative by the highest intellects that have ever lived." Again he says: "An omniscient creator must have foreseen every consequence which results from the law imposed by him." And again: "An omnipotent and an omniscient creator ordains everything and foresees everything." That is going further than some Christian college professors can go.

Says J. Stuart Mill, in an essay on Theism: "I think it must be allowed that, in the present state of our knowledge, the adaptation in nature affords a large balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence."

Thomas Paine himself says: "*I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness hereafter.*"

In a lecture at Manchester, delivered after his Belfast address, Prof. Tyndall, after speaking of the wonders and mysteries surrounding us, says: "Can it be there is no being or thing in nature that knows more about these matters than I do? Do I, in my ignorance, represent the highest knowledge of these things existing in this universe? Ladies and gentlemen, the man who puts that question to

himself, if he be not a shallow man, if he be a man capable of being penetrated by a profound thought, will never answer the question by professing the creed of atheism which has been so lightly attributed to me."

Friends, I would sooner err with Bacon and Darwin and Tyndall and Huxley, and even Thomas Paine, believing in God's existence, than put my belief on this theme side by side with the man who would fain cheapen what might be a splended reputation in endeavoring to fasten the malignant failings of mankind upon the very name of Deity!

Christianity does not create civilization. It came in contact with the highest civilization of the ancient world, —civilizations, remember, which were the outgrowth mainly of the religious principle, and aimed to make them Christian civilizations. The followers of Christ have been recreant to the principles He taught. Christianity has been corrupted.

Ingersoll said in his lecture on Thomas Paine: "But the church is as unforgiving as ever, and still wonders why any infidel should be wicked enough to endeavor to destroy her power. I will tell the church why I hate it.

"You have imprisoned the human mind; you have been the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake, roasted us before slow fires, torn our flesh with irons; you have covered us with chains, treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have confiscated our property; you have denied us the rights to testify in courts of justice; you have branded us with infamy; you have torn out our tongues; you have refused us burial. In the name of your religion, you have robbed us of every right; and after having inflicted upon us every evil that can be inflicted in this world, you have fallen upon your knees, and with clasped hands implored your God to finish the holy work in hell."

There should be no dissenting from this. The arraignment is a strong but a just one. Fanaticism has disturbed

its truths, zeal has hardened into bigotry, enthusiasm has degenerated into burning wrath, puerile glosses and worse than childish interpretations have been taken as the revelation of God Himself. We know that a Galileo has been forced to recant the truth; a Copernicus has been in mortal fear of his life; a Roger Bacon persecuted and tormented; the beautiful and philosophical Hypatin was rent limb from limb by the infuriated monks. Libraries have been burnt; justice has been denied. Liberty has been trampled upon. The mercy of God has been bought and sold. Fires have curled around the bodies of the martyrs of the truth, as it was hoped the flames of hell would be kindled around body and soul in the world to come.

Ingersoll's Defective Logic—The Church and Christianity Not Identical—Dr. Draper's Explanation.

But why enumerate? We will plead "guilty" for the church on every fearful count in the long and terrible indictment. But the *church* is not *Christianity.* In no way or manner can Christ or His apostles be arraigned for the inhuman and unchristian acts of their professed followers. It is *unfair in the highest degree* for any man claiming to be a candid investigator, and a faithful historian, to seem to implicate them in such misdeeds.

Neither is the church of the *present* responsible for the sins of the church of the *past.* No logic can fasten the guilt of the transgression of the father upon the children. The fathers may have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth set on edge, but while the effects of the acidity are experienced by the children, they did not do the eating. The iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations, *but the sin never!*

Let the sword be unsparingly used against the corruptions of the faith. Let righteous indignation flame against all the unchristian additions which have been made to the sublime doctrines of Christianity. Let the anathemas of every pope in Romanism or Protestantism against free inquiry and the victorious march of the intellect be hurled back. This discrimination between the principles of Christianity and the teachings and practices of the church has been recognized by writers of eminence seemingly hostile to Christianity, however much they may have confounded the two or confused the public mind in their treatment of the Christian religion.

Dr. Draper says: For centuries after Christianity was the established religion of Europe, it failed to bear its natural fruit, because its lot was cast among a people whose ignorance compelled them to be superstitious, and who, on account of their superstition, defaced a system which, in its original purity, they were unable to receive.

The intellectual bondage, then, of the dark ages was not owing to the teachings of Christianity, but to their perversion. But Mr. Ingersoll says

In all ages reason has been regarded as the enemy of religion. Nothing has been considered so pleasing to the Deity as a total denial of the authority of your own mind. Self-reliance has been thought deadly sin; and the idea of living and dying without the aid and consolation of superstition has always horrified the church. By some unaccountable infatuation, belief has been and still is considered of immense importance. All religions have been based upon the idea that God will forever reward the true believer, and eternally damn the man who doubts or denies Belief is regarded as the one essential thing. To practice justice, to love mercy, is not enough.

Col. Ingersoll, the propounder of the "new religion" has omitted to state that the Old Testament throughout teaches, in addition, that it is man's duty to walk humbly before God. To practice justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God is the religion of the Bible and of Christianity

This is the religion of the Old Testament, and it is illustrated in not a few of the alleged incredible stories of the book. To come and tell Chicago people such truths, of which Ingersoll apparently was to be the great apostle, is to repeat enunciations four thousand years old. The Canaanites might well be the executioners of revoltingly evil tribes and nations; and much else of the Old Testament, in its caviled-at facts, is the soundest philosophy.

Science is welcomed by religion, but not the science falsely so called; philosophy is welcomed, but not the counterfeit of vain conceits.

The Important Factors in Paine's Life—The Bishop and Ingersoll Concerning the So-called Church Persecutions.

Paine's religion has been summed up in: "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion." It is strange that Colonel Ingersoll, who takes such pains to abuse the Bible, should have overlooked its fundamental teachings.

Mr. Paine himself, in his intellectual nature and in his political history, was the product of the forces which were rife at the time on this continent and in Europe. He represented in his "Rights of Man" and in his "Common Sense," and in his political pamphlets the ideas which were prevalent, ideas which had been actualized in America's short, but glorious, history. In his "Age of Reason" he represented the ideas which were dominant in the French revolution.

Paine was the son of a Quaker, and I attribute his correct life, if that life did at the end fall into social eclipse, to their healthful influence.

Paine was also for a short time a dissenting minister, and preached. His mind was susceptible to all the views about him, and he did not come to this country to forward

liberty, but simply to make his living or fortune. His speeches and writings were characterized by Anglo-Saxon strength, vigor, and terseness, but when he went to France he swung from the moorings of early life and became saturated with the views of the French encyclopedists and infidels.

The arrogant, self-styled Church of Christ which caused the bloody revolution in France, deserved the terrible chastisement it received. That power which was seated upon the seven hills; which had arrogated to itself not only spiritual but temporal sovereignty; which placed its feet literally on the necks of kings and princes; which exercised a spiritual despotism over the minds and consciences of man; which went into the deepest recesses of the most sacred trusts of the heart; which claimed the prerogatives of God himself—this was the very power which hurried on all this madness and ruin of the French revolution to their culmination in the substitution of a nude street-walker as an object of worship. Ingersoll told the truth when he said that "Voltaire had driven a dagger into the heartless bosom of Rome." As Sir Isaac Taylor has well said "the old heathen Roman was far more human than his ecclesiastical successor, and there was not one who would not fly from a Roman inquisitor to the feet of the Roman legionary for mercy and life."

Ingersoll's Fatal Mistake—True Christianity Not Within Range of the Ingersoll Guns.

But I insist that Ingersoll's indictment does not cover the whole case. Should Ingersoll go before a court, and say he hated the law, he would be requested to qualify or be considered mad. It was law that sent Christ to the cross, the martyrs to the stake, and which has done much

of the wretchedness of earth, but law is not universally a scourge and an evil. I have never been a member of the attacked kirk of Scotland, nor was I brought up a Presbyterian—those bodies can take care of themselves. Yet I must deny that any Protestant body could be justly called the "twin sister of the inquisition." One can count on his fingers, almost, the number of persons who were put to death by Protestants for religious belief or non-belief. Such rare occurrences were due to some branch of the tree momentarily lacking its nutriment, whereas the steady practice of Rome showed a tree poisoned from topmost twig to deepest root.

The fatal charge must be confessed, that Ingersoll has not discriminated between the branches of the church, or between the Church of Christ and Christianity. This failure is so great as to disarm the whole philippic of its weight, and it might be denied that Christianity was the religion of which he had been the assailant. The Protestant church is not a sister of the inquisition. Christ and His apostles can not be arraigned for the corruptions which Ingersoll has noted.

The Bishop's Closing Words — Peace, Prosperity and True Christianity Inseparable.

Let the individual man present the highest type of personal preparation, with every appetite, desire, and natural perfection, subordinated to the moral reason, to his highest spiritual being. Let our homes be a sacred retreat where the wife and mother shall not play the part of a scold nor the husband and father the part of a tyrant—homes in which there shall be no scorching blasts of passion nor polar storms of coldness and hate; homes in which happy children shall ever see the beauty of love and the beauty

of holiness; homes cheered by music, refined by books, and gladdened with songs; homes of sympathy, homes of self-sacrifice, homes of devotion, homes of undying affection; homes which would lure the angels from the felicities and fellowships of the upper paradise to dwell in these bowers of earthly bliss.

Let every form of social evil be banished from the world, from the maddening bowl "which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," to the "steps of her that take hold on death." Let every personal right be given to man —the right of property in the earth; the right to his share of the multitudinous forms of material blessings; the right to property in ideas, to property in character and reputation—and the venomous slanderer no more walk the earth. Let every duty growing out of these rights be faithfully performed. Let the rights of woman be maintained, she being placed, not beneath man's feet, but by his side, with every faculty of her nature called out, and not repressed. Let the rights of children be respected and the most tender, judicious and elevating educational influences be thrown around them. Let all the antagonisms between capital and labor forever cease—the laborer no longer be an eye-servant, but receive his honest due for his honest work and yet have time to develop, by books, society and home, his immortal mind. Let not the buyer say, "It is naught; it is naught," and then go straightway and boast what he hath done; nor the seller expose only the best side of his wares. Let there be entire truthfulness in all the intercourse between man and man, in looks, and words, and acts; and all white lies with all black lies be no more known.

Let science push her discoveries to the utmost into all the realms of nature, for "the relief of man's estate"—no more disdaining the useful as beneath its notice; and Watts

with the steam-engine, and Davy with the safety-lamp, and Stephenson spanning the Menai straits, and Hoe with the printing-press, and Morse with the telegraph, and Tyndall with the smoke-respirator, be followed by other and greater benefactors of mankind. Let art no more be prostituted to the basest of purposes, and the artist be no more disobedient to the heavenly visions of purity and grace; let genius consecrate its highest gifts to the weal and not to the woe of mankind, and the works

> That hold with sweet but cursed art
> Their incantations o'er the heart,
> Till every pulse of pure desire
> Throbs with the glow of passion's fire,

no more proceed from the pen.

Let the hand of government be lighter than eider-down upon the head of the obedient subject, and yet stronger than a thunderbolt to avenge his wrongs. Then you have only the flower and the blessed golden fruit of those two immortal principles of Christianity: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

"We think of the Bible as a structure solid and eternal."—*Dr. Burtol.*

"I know not how the printers have pointed this passage, for I keep no Bible."—*Thomas Paine Criticising the Scriptures.*

"To see God's own law universally acknowledged as it stands in the holy written book; to see this—or the true unwearied aim and struggle toward this—is a thing worth living and dying for."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"I HAVE but one book (the Bible,) but that is the best." —*Wm. Collins' Reply to Dr. Johnson.*

"THE Bible containes a complete series of facts, and of historical men to explain time and eternity, such as no other religion has to offer. Everything in it is grand and worthy of God. The Gospel is more than a book; it is a living thing, active, powerful, overcoming every obstacle in its way."—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

"To the Bible men will return because they can not do without it. Because happiness is our being's end and aim, and happiness belongs to righteousness, and righteousness is revealed in the Bible. For this simple reason men will return to the Bible, just as a man who tried to give up food, thinking that it was a vain thing and that he could do without it, would return to food, or a man who tried to give up sleep, thinking it was a vain thing and he could do without it, would return to sleep."—*Matthew Arnold.*

PROF. WILCOX'S REPLY.

The Professor's Interview with Paine's Physician, Dr. Manly—Remorseful Death of the Great Infidel.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Paine was misrepresented by his opponents. Unquestionably, he has been maligned. That he was enthusiastic, unselfish and immensely serviceable in the defense of the American colonies, it would be ungenerous and unfair to deny. That his pen was a power in the struggle for independence is matter of record. And his admirers will have it that only an "orthodox" Christian has any grievance against him as a counter-balance to to these services. Paine the patriot, they would have us acknowledge, was blameless, whatever may be said of Paine the religionist.

There is no greater mistake. There are men by the million in these states who are not "orthodox" or devout or Christian in profession or in life, who see clearly and say freely that Christianity is a power that the nation never could have spared. As patriotic citizens they defend it. And suppose that Paine had succeeded in his fierce crusade against American Christianity? Suppose he had banished the Bible from every fireside, silenced every church bell, soured every Christian in the land into a sneering unbeliever like himself? Suppose he had wiped out with a stroke of his pen, as he deliberately aimed to do, all that Christianity has ever been worth to the intelligence, the refinement, the morality, the beneficence, of this country—all the institutions it has founded—every college, seminary, hospital, asylum, mission-school—what would

have been the effect on the republic? What would have been the outcome of Paine's life and influence, *as a whole*, for his country? What relief would his patriotic pamphlets have offered to a calamity like this? They would have been the light of a glow-worm in a night of despair. Better, a thousand-fold, to have left us under the shelter of Christian England, with all the tyranny of her government. Better leave the Ship of State on the stocks than to launch her, without helm or compass, to a sure wreck and ruin.

Whether Mr. Paine ever came to recognize the work he had attempted to do, is an open question. That he ever forsook his anti-Christian attitude there is no sufficient proof. But that he grew uneasy as he approached his end, that he suffered from such alarms as are commonly explained by remorse, is as certain as any fact that rests on evidence.

On the 11th of June, 1849, the writer enjoyed an interview with Dr. Manly, of New York, the physician of Mr. Paine during his last illness, in 1810. Dr. M., who must have passed his threescore years and ten, was highly respected in his profession and a gentleman of evident candor and simplicity of character. He defended his former patient from several discreditable rumors, as, for instance, that he inveigled away the wife of his friend Bonneville.

There had been published, over Dr. Manly's name, the following account of Paine's last hours:

"During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular. He would not be left alone, night or day. He not only required to have some person with him, but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtain to be closed at any time. And if, as it would sometimes unavoidedly happen, he was left alone, he would scream and halloo until some person came

to him. When relief from pain would admit, he seemed thoughtful and contemplative, his eyes being generally closed, and his hands folded upon his breast, although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne. There was something remarkable in his conduct about this period (which comprises about two weeks immediately preceding his death) particularly when we reflect that Thomas Paine was author of the 'Age of Reason.' He would call out during his paroxysms of distress without intermission, 'O Lord, help me! God, help me! Jesus Christ, help me, Lord help me,' etc., repeating the same expression without any variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. It was this conduct which led me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions, and I was more inclined to that belief, when I understood from his nurse, who is a very serious, and, I believe, pious woman, that he would occasionally inquire when he saw her engaged with a book, what she was reading; and being answered, and asked, at the same time, whether she would read aloud, he assented and would appear to give particular attention. The book she usually read was Hobart's 'Companion for the Altar.'

"I took occasion, during the night of the 5th and 6th of June, to test the strength of his opinions respecting Revelation. I purposely made him a very late visit. It was at a time that seemed to sort exactly with my errand. It was midnight. He was in great distress, constantly exclaiming in the words above mentioned; when, after a considerable preface, I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present: "Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large portion of the community, have been treated with deference; you have never been in the habit of mixing in your conversation words of course; you have never indulged in the practice of profane swearing. You must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions as they are given to the world. What must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe that He can help you? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ? Come, now, answer me honestly. I want an answer from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe that you will not live twenty-four hours.' I waited some time at the end of every question; he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner. Again I addressed him, 'Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions; will you answer them? Allow me to ask again, Do you believe, or let me qualify the question, do you wish to believe, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? After a pause of some minutes, he answered, 'I have no wish to believe on that subject.' I then left him, and know not whether he afterward spoke to

any person on any subject, though he lived, as I before observed, to the morning of the 8th. Such conduct, under usual circumstances, I consider absolutely unaccountable; though with diffidence I would remark, not so much so in the present instance. For though the first necessary and general result of conviction be a sincere wish to atone for evil committed, yet it may be a question worthy of able consideration, whether excessive pride of opinion, consummate vanity and inordinate self-love might not prevent or retard that otherwise natural consequence?"

The object of the present writer in seeking an interview with Dr. Manly was to obtain from his own lips a confirmation or denial of these statements. Dr. M. acknowledged and re-affirmed them in every particular. He added that the outcries were so violent as to be distinctly heard by the neighbors in a house standing diagonally opposite, and at a considerable distance from Mr. Paine's residence. And they were evidently cries from no mere physical pain. If Col. Ingersoll were in pain to-day, would he call upon Jesus Christ for relief? Thomas Paine was not a man of so barren thought or meager speech that he could find no other ejaculation. He may not have clearly seen the wickedness and folly of the "Age of Reason." But a candid reader will hardly doubt that he inwardly trembled with some vague fear of coming retribution as he looked out into the shadows.

"THERE is but one book; bring me the Bible."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"THAT book" (pointing to the Bible,) "is the rock upon which our republic rests."—*Andrew Jackson.*

"YOUNG man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame, and who will shortly appear before his Maker. Read the Bible every day of your life."—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

"THE farther the ages advance in cultivation, the more can the Bible be used, partly as the foundation, partly as the means of education, not, of course, by superficial, but by really wise men."—*Goethe.*

"PERUSE the books of philosophers with all their pomp of diction: how meagre, how contemptible, are they when compared with the Scriptures. The majesty of the Scripture strikes me with admiration."—*Rousseau.*

"BUT it is a much more serious ground of offense against Voltaire that he intermeddled in religion without being himself in any measure religious; that, in a word, he ardently, and with long-continued effort, warred against Christianity, without understanding, beyond the mere superficies, what Christianity was."—*Carlyle's Criticism of Voltaire.*

"THE Bible is a fountain whose waters feed intellect, heart, life, promoting the highest worship as well as the largest humanity. * * * Kingdoms fall, institutions perish, civilizations change, human doctrines disappear; but the imperishable truths which pervade and sanctify the Bible shall bear it up above the flood of change and the deluge of years. It will forever remain."—*James Freeman Clarke.*

"FOR a wonder, gentlemen, for a wonder, I know nobody, either in France or anywhere else, who could write and speak with more art and talent. I defy you all—as many as are here—to prepare a tale so simple, and at the same time so sublime and so touching as the tale of the passion and death of Jesus Christ; which produces the same effect, which makes a sensation so strong and as generally felt, and whose influence will be the same, after so many centuries."—*Diderot*

"I HAVE carefully and regularly perused the holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains, both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books that were ever composed in any age or in any idiom."—*Sir William Jones.*

"THIS book is the mirror of the Divinity, the rightful regent of the world. Other books, after shining their season, may perish in flames fiercer than those which consumed the Alexandrian library; this, in essence, must remain pure as gold and unconsumable as asbestos, amid the flames of general conflagration. Other books may be forgotten in the universe where suns go down and disappear like bubbles in the stream; this book, transferred to a higher clime, shall shine as the brightness of that eternal firmament, and as those higher stars which are forever and forever."—*George Gilfillan.*

JAMES MACLAUGHLIN'S REPLY.

The Scotchman Looks the Lawyer Square in the Face—How They Manage Witnesses—Ingersoll and His Last Client, Thomas Paine.

The aim of a lawyer is to do the best he can for his client. Some lawyers are not very scrupulous as to the means and methods by which they can rescue a client from the due deserts of his crime. A dangerous witness they will put out of the way if they can. If they can't, then they will blacken his character in order to impare his testimony. They will puzzle him with an array of questions to elicit discrepant statements and to break down his evidence. They will suborn liars to prove an alibi. They will use every device and trick and scheme which legal chicane can invent to invest their client, though the most guilty of the guilty, with a robe of innocence as unsullied as that of an angel. If guilt is too apparent to be denied, then emotional insanity is adroitly coined, or some uncontrolable mania is put in, as a plea, to either free the criminal from responsibility or to mitigate his crime. Their oblique contrivances to dishonor truth and defeat justice are not the inventions of to-day. They were current in the days of Robert Burns. The plowman poet, in his own satirical way, describes the lawyers in the other world as suffering in that little member, the tongue, by which they have sinned so much in this.

Colonel Bob Ingersoll is a *lawyer*. His last client is Tom Paine, and, if we believe the advocate, his client deserves the glory of being the founder of this great republic, and the *alone apostle* of modern liberty!

The Colonel states at the outset as follows: "About this man, I intend to tell just as near the truth as I can." Now, when speaking about his client, how *near the truth a lawyer will go* is an intricate question. It would not be good policy for him to go too near the truth in every case; it might materially change the cause and character of the client.

Getting at the Facts—Interesting Incidents in Paine's Life.

That Paine was of humble parentage is true, but in this I can not see anything peculiarly meritorious. Many who were born in poverty and cradled in hardships became the benefactors of humanity, the patrons of industry, and the champions of liberty. That the young Quaker, Paine, had a keen, vigorous intellect, and that he received a good elementary education, is also true. That he was a staymaker with his father, then a grocer, and then an exciseman, is as near the truth as we can come. That he lost his place on the excise because he started in the tobacco business is about true. Being out of work, an acquaintance gave him a letter of introduction to Franklin, then in London, who advised him to emigrate to America. All this is as near the truth as we can get. Paine came to America, as many before him did, and many since have done, simply to find a wider field for his ambition. This was in 1774, when he was in his thirty-eighth year. Paine became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine.*

In January, 1776, at the suggestion of Franklin, Paine wrote the pamphlet of "Common Sense." All true. And if his "Common Sense" was, as the Colonel says, "the first argument for separation, the first assault on the British form of government, the first blow for a republic, and aroused our fathers like a trumpet blast," then be it

remembered that Paine drew his introductory arguments and illustrations, not from the arsenal of infidelity, but from the arsenal of this old book, the Bible, which Colonel Ingersoll vituperously slanders. Paine was not an avowed infidel at this time, but a Quaker.

It was the *Quaker Paine*, not the infidel Paine, that worked for American independence, and we challenge the Colonel to show us anything done by Paine in the interests of national liberty after he avowed his religious or irreligious views in his "Age of Reason."

But was Paine's "Common Sense" the first peal of the tocsin of separation and independence? No. Ten years before this, when both Franklin and Paine were in England, and strangers to each other, and immediately after the news of the passage of the stamp act had reached America, a young man, by name, Patrick Henry, amid his assembled colonists in Virginia, arose and said: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III." —Here he was interrupted by the cry, "Treason." Pausing, he added—"may profit by their example." This was the key-note of resistance and independence. And in spite of the timid, who quaked at the utterance, the words of Patrick Henry flowed outward and onward, swelling many a brave heart with the dawning hope of liberty.

Bancroft vs. Ingersoll—Additional Facts!

And there is another fact that sadly conflicts with the Colonel's fulsome rhetoric. We give it from the page and in the words of Bancroft, where the illustrious historian describes the early settlers who formed the Young American colonies, and mentions Presbyterians who had come from Ireland and planted themselves in the upland region of North Carolina. And in connection with this he adds:

"We shall find that the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britian came, not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, or the planters of Virginia, but from *Scotch-Irish Presbyterians.*" Tell it not in Gath. The Colonel will call all history a lie and all men liars, rather than have his own pet client outstripped in the manly race by detestable Christians. He would gladly pay, I fancy, $10 more a volume for Bancroft if that passage had not been written.

Now, we have no wish to dwarf the services rendered by Paine to the cause of American independence. His "Common Sense" was a heavy gun in the field, and the writer was rewarded for it by a vote of £500 by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. I need not say that his patriotism was so intensely strong that he actually accepted the sum. Nor was this all his reward. He was appointed clerk to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, an office which he was afterward obliged to resign in 1779, on account of some breach of trust. It was while in this office that he wrote his stirring appeals entitled "The Crisis," from which we would not detract an iota.

In 1780 he obtained the office of Clerk to the Assembly of Pennsylvania. His friends moved to have him appointed historiographer to the United States, but they failed. Congress, in 1785, however, voted him $3,000, which the distinguished patriot had the generosity to accept from the young republic just starting in business. The State of New York also gave him 500 acres of land. Tom Paine was well rewarded for all his valuable services in the cause of liberty; and none but a lawyer's eye can discover the sacrifices, the self-denials which made the poor Quaker emigrant rich at a time while thousands of Irish

colonists had become poor by laying their possessions at the feet of independence.

If Paine's object was to benefit mankind, as his learned counsel says, then it would appear that, while engaged in this really patriotic career, he was benefiting himself.

After a thirteen years' residence in this country Paine sailed to France (1787). From France he crossed to England. "His rights of Man," in reply to Burke was written in England. It was pronounced seditious, and the author was threatened with prosecution. Paine's well-known republican sentiments had made him popular in France. He was elected to represent the Department of Calias in the National Convention, and, escaping from England, he took his seat in that radical assembly in 1792.

The Reign of Terror—The Great Ingersoll Epoch—Voting for the King's Execution.

France was now a political volcano. The church to which Colonel Ingersoll is proud to belong, and not the infamous Kirk of Scotland, was in the ascendency, and, oh, how humane and merciful the scepter! There was no John Adams to invoke the blessing of heaven on the new Republic of France. Neither a God to love nor a devil to fear, was the prevailing creed. Reason ruled—a rod of iron? Worse still. Reason's reign was a reign of terror. The soldiers of this sweet goddess of Colonel Ingersoll had the power. They were sovereigns, and their acts declared that their mistress was the "twin sister of the Spanish Inquisition." They became the regicide of a monarch more virtuous than his executioners, and like ferocious tigers, they struck their claws into thousands of victims and devoured them without mercy. It is but the trick of

a lawyer to offset this butchery by a reference to the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572.

We want neither the terror of 1793 nor the massacre of 1572; and neither was inspired by the lessons of our Saviour. They were both monsters of the same family, each begotten by the enemy, not the friend of the Bible. We do not implicate Paine in these atrocities which made even stout hearts shudder in France. We give him credit for voting against the execution of Louis. But the learned counsel has made out that his client stood almost alone in his resistance to the king's death. History must be a lie, that Tom Paine may enjoy the solitary grandeur of the humane in the midst of the cruel in that convention. In that assembly there were 721 suffrages; of these, 366—only a bare majority—voted for the king's execution; so that Tom Paine was one of 355 to share in the courage or humanity of that occasion. It was not, after all, a work of devotion such as has no parallel in the life of any theologian. The Colonel's eloquence on this point reminds us of the old story of the mountain being in labor and bringing forth a mouse. And this is about the briefest and best critique on the entire lecture about Tom Paine.

That Tom Paine became popular with the leaders of the French revolution because he was not wicked enough, is true, and he was thrown into prison; but this happened not at once, but fully a year after the execution of the king. He remained in prison nearly two years. After his release he published the second part of his "Age of Reason." In 1802 he left France and reached Baltimore. We can not find any trace after this in his life of any public or political activities deserving commendation. His influence and reputation certainly declined after he avowed his religious sentiment in the "Age of Reason."

How Ingersoll Wastes His Powder—Some of His Blunders—Paine's Moral Decline.

The Colonel very adroitly tries to rebut the allegation that Paine was a drunkard. He refers to his services rendered to American independence, and the rewards he received, and asks could all this have happened had Paine been a drunkard. But the Colonel has only wasted powder in blazing away so furiously as he has done on this point. The allegation that Paine fell into habits of dissipation extends only to the last few years of his life, and the learned counsel's effort to disprove this is exceedingly lame. We are not disposed either to exaggerate Paine's faults or to detract from his merits, but, coming as near as we can, we must gently hint that his last years were not the most purely spent nor most happy of his life.

Paine was married twice. His first wife died about a year after their marriage. After living about three and a half years with his second wife they separated, not by divorce, but by mutual consent. He brought the wife of a French bookseller and her two sons to America and whatever were his relations to that woman, pure or impure, deponent saith not, but she, her husband, and children, not the United States nor her war-worn veterans, became his chief legatees.

If Colonel Ingersoll fancies that the services of Tom Paine in the cause of human rights is the natural outflow of infidelity, he blunders egregiously.

In the first place, Tom Paine's infidelity was of a milder type than that of his advocate. Tom Paine was a respectable deist, and he would have scorned to drop from his pen the ribald words which his admirers would have employed to caricature the amiable founder of our Christianity.

In the second place, Colonel Ingersoll can not deny that Tom Paine was not the avowed infidel, but the Quaker, when he championed the cause of American independence against tyranny and oppression, and let some one show us what sacrifices Tom Paine laid upon the altar of humanity or liberty after he avowed his sentiments in the "Age of Reason." That infidels have rendered valuable services to their country and to the world, may be true, but to conclude from this that Christianity is tyranny outstrips Aristotle.

Charity vs. Slander.

But our objection to the Colonel's lecture and logic arises not so much from what he has said about Paine as from what he has said about others. The Colonel would have every American to cover all the faults of his client with "the divine mantle of charity," and not "breathe one word against his name." But, alas, his mantle of charity is so beautifully small that it can cover but the faults of his own client. The Colonel mentions slander as the last weapon left in the arsenal of Jehovah. I am surprised that *he went to this arsenal* to borrow his weapon from Jehovah, as there seems to be no neighborly feeling between them. Perhaps he scorned to be under any compliment in that quarter, and may have found the weapon somewhere else. Having found it, ground it, and polished it with a keen Damascus edge, armed he comes to Chicago and slashes away like a valiant knight of ancient times. Slander! None so expert in the use of this weapon as the courageous Colonel. No quarter for the living or the dead, the innocent or the guilty. Like Herod's sword in Bethlehem, he cuts, carves, and spares none, but slays all that he may slay the child Jesus.

The Scotchman Draws His Bible on the Colonel!—A Heavy Shot, Which Hits Between the Eyes.

The Scriptures, too, are assailed by the gallant Colonel, in these words: "He (Paine) knew that every abuse had been embalmed in Scripture, that every outrage was in partnership with some holy text." The Scriptures, then, must be a wonderful license and guide to crime. Each criminal in the land should love the Bible, and carry a copy of the old book under his arm. But do they? Let us see, Colonel Ingersoll has a church with a large membership. To what church, religion, or superstition do our notorious criminals belong? I am willing to visit, in company with him, the penitentiary, the jail. I shall take the Bible, he can take his lecture on Tom Paine; and at the iron door inside of which sit accused crime and guilt I shall present the Bible, and he can present his lecture. Which will be accepted and read with "infinite gusto"—my Bible, "which embalms every crime," "in which outrage finds partnership in some holy text," or his lecture, in which God, Bible, and religion have no quarter?

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. By their fruits ye shall know them. The Bible, this patron of crime, has found its way into the Sandwich Islands. The Colonel might visit that little dusky kingdom in safety to-day. Had he done so with Captain Cook, when there was no Bible there, the rotund and rosy champion of infidelity would have been a splendid banquet for the natives. What is Madagascar to-day under the influence of the Bible? Some years ago the Colonel might have made his last will and testament before he touched its shores; to-day he could find there a safe retreat in which to rest his travel-worn frame. In the far West, where Indians roam in freedom, I fancy that the advocate of Tom Paine would spend the

night with less anxiety in the wigwam where the Bible was read and loved by the chief than in the tent of the brave who gloried in human scalps rather than in the cross of Christ.

We have no more respect for superstition than Colonel Ingersoll has; we condemn as much as he can all tyranny, civil and clerical. We confess that in the name of religion cruelties have been committed. Blood has been shed, which may well shock every chord of the human heart, and arouse a shuddering storm of indignation. But the counterfeit and the false implies the genuine and the true; and in destroying the one it would be only foolish and ruinous to destroy the other.

When Christianity started at first on her benevolent march, she was the kind, innocent maiden going from house to house to dispense her boons with the hand of charity. Her enemies could prefer no charges against her but that she worshiped one God, loved Jesus Christ, and lived a good, benevolent and praiseworthy life. So far as Christians have departed from this, they have departed from the lessons and examples of the primitive preachers of the Christian faith, and Christianity is *no more responsible* for the corruption and cruelties subsequently introduced and practiced under her name than the legislators of the State of Illinois are for the *law breakers and crimes that disgrace her history.*

Ingersoll's Sophistries.

The Colonel has employed all the arts of sophistry, as well as slander, to undermine Christianity, and upon God and the Bible he has poured the fire of wit, sarcasm, ridicule, and everything of that kind; but let sober judgment sit down, examine, analyze, and weigh the production, and

there is not there the earnestness and heart of a sincere reformer, but rather the *foolery and flings and fancies of the circus clown*, whose chief object is to start a laugh. The lecturer at times becomes a metaphysician, and perhaps his disciples, like those of Pythagoras of old, consider his ipse dixit a sufficient proof. But *assertion* is not enough now. He tells us that "intellectual liberty, as a matter of necessity, forever destroys the idea that belief is either praise or blameworthy, and is wholly inconsistent with every creed in Christendom." Again. "No man can control his belief." So the Colonel teaches that all who hold a Christian creed are intellectual slaves. Now a creed is a belief, and if no man can control his belief, then no man is intellectually free, not even himself. If, in the exercise of reason, I honestly come to the conclusion that the universe is the marvelous product of a master mind and an almighty arm, and if I write down my creed—I believe in one God, the Creator—am I the intellectual slave, and Colonel Ingersoll, who denies this, the intellectual freeman? So his logic leads.

How wonderfully liberal are our modern advocates of free thought. They cry *charity*, when they themselves are most *uncharitable*, and brand all outside their own circle as servile fools. We acknowledge, with modesty, the compliment. But, while Colonel Ingersoll may say that a man is not responsible for his belief, can he deny that error in belief may result in disaster and death? A boy, for instance, finds a pistol, and in playful sport points the weapon at his little sister. There is an explosion, and the red mark on the brow of the prostrate child shows that death's message has been delivered. Such a thing has happened. It was only an error in belief. The boy believed that the pistol was not loaded, but it was; the belief was

wrong. Engineers believed that the Tay bridge was all right. So did those in the train on that stormy Sunday night. But the sad disaster dissipated the belief, and ended in wreck. The belief was wrong. Pardon us, then, Colonel, for believing in God, the gospel, and a future state. If *we* are wrong, our belief and religion are no burden to us here, and can not hurt us hereafter. If *you* are wrong, your error will prove hereafter your greatest pain.

Is It True?—Paine as a Philanthropist.

The Colonel declares that his client was "the first to lift his voice against human slavery." He is admirable at assertion. In the very year that Tom Paine came to America, October, 1774, the first American Congress passed this resolution:

"We will neither import, nor purchase any slaves imported, after the first day of December next; after which time we will wholly discontinue the slave trade, and neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels nor sell our commodities or manufactures to those who are concerned in it."

Is it likely that the emigrant of a few months' resident in this land was the father of that resolution? That slavery still remained as a stain on the escutcheon of this republic is true; and that Christians were arrayed against Christians on this subject, is no less true. But, let Colonel Ingersoll drop that laugh of disdain. We will not only assert, but prove, that Christians were the first abolitionists.

When Christianity lifted her banner, one-half the population of the old Roman Empire were slaves. But as that banner advanced in age, respect, influence, and power, it dropped the blessing of manumission on the heart of the bondsman.

Primitive Christianity, not Tom Paine, was the first great abolitionist. And is it true, or not true, that Great

Britain, professedly Christian, abolished slavery in her West Indian Islands? Is it true, or not true, that in doing this she laid on the altar of humanity an offering of £20,000,000? Is it true, or not true, that all this was the result, not of infidel, but of Christian voices, such as those of a Clarkson, a Thomson, a Wilberforce, a Cowper, whose pleadings secured this grandest act in the drama of modern events? How many dollars did Tom Paine give or lend to the cause of manumission? Surely, this philanthropist, before whose loving kindnesses those of a Howard must pale, devoted his fortune of $13,000, if he had it, to the grand cause of oppressed humanity, especially as he had no heirs to inherit it. Alas, we find no such disposition of his property; *it falls into the lap of Mme. de Bonneville!*

John Calvin.

The Colonel, in the course of his lecture, makes a fling at Calvin; but it was a happy hit in the Music Hall. We had thought that the story of Calvin and Servetus had become too hackneyed to start an additional laugh. It is well that in Calvin's life his enemies find but this one string to play upon. Were it otherwise, the music would never cease. But let me tell Mr. Ingersoll that if he loves republicanism, he should love John Calvin more than he loves Tom Paine. John Calvin was the master spirit in a republic more than 200 years older than that of the United States—the first little republic of modern times. John Calvin might have arisen to the chair of the Roman Pontiff, and sat in the highest seat in Christendom. But turning his back on honors, emoluments, place, and power, almost alone, he goes out to battle with the hosts of superstition and tyranny for mental emancipation and human rights.

His whole life was one great offering to human freedo

His self-denials, his hair-breadth escapes, proclaim him the honest hero, and, after spending a life of toil and danger in molding and guiding and strengthening the little Republic of Geneva, he dies, not even with $13,000 to leave to the children of another man's wife. And in the matter of Servetus, be it known that, while Calvin took part in the trial of Servetus for blasphemy, he was neither judge nor jury. It was the Senate or Council of Geneva that condemned Servetus, and, although their sentence was universally approved in those days, and Servetus had been burned in effigy by the Roman Catholic Church after he made his escape from prison, still there was one voice raised in favor of mitigating his sentence, and that voice was the voice of John Calvin. But, as every one who has read the history of those times knows, Calvin had his opponents in Geneva. The reins of his moral discipline were too tight for some; they resisted, and formed the party of the libertines. This party, with which Colonel Ingersoll would have naturally stood, was in the ascendancy when Servetus was tried and condemned, and hence Calvin's efforts with the council to save Servetus from the flames were futile. But Calvin's admirers deplore that act, and pronounce it the relic of a dark, barbarous age. In the last century one of the Genevese said: "Would to God that we could extinguish this burning pile with our tears." That is the sentiment of the Calvinists now, and when an error is deprecated and deplored surely a common charity should allow its ashes to sleep.

Colonel Ingersoll's attack on the Kirk of Scotland is the most marvelous piece of his lecture. For vituperation, misrepresentation, and exaggeration it is unparalleled. He caricatures the Kirk as "the full sister of the Spanish Inquisition. It waged war upon human nature, it was the

ememy of happiness, the hater of joy, and the despiser of religious liberty; it taught parents to murder their children rather than allow them to propagate error; if the mother held opinions which the infamous Kirk disapproved, her children were taken from her arms, her babe from her very bosom, and she was not allowed to see them or write them one word." That is a sample of the valiant Colonel's onslaught on the Kirk. Poor Scotland! She must have suffered a reign of terror. Where were her Bruces and Wallaces? Was there not some stalwart Scot to seize the battle-ax and hew down, root and branch, this pestilential upas and free the land from a monster tyranny worse than an English Edward, or a George?

Centre Shots by a Scotch Rifleman.

But how comes it that the old Kirk became the patron of learning and established her parish schools? How comes it that Scotchmen, brought up under the shadow of this old Kirk, have become statesmen, soldiers, scholars, scientists, authors, inventors, manufacturers, merchants, and even lawyers, of whom any nation might be proud? How is it that, brought up under the shadow of that infamous Kirk, there is no man loves his native hearth or has more patriotic pride than a Scotchman? How is it that on the calendar of crime in Great Britain and Ireland the names of Scotchmen are fewest in number? And in the United States let us visit penitentiaries and jails. If you find a Scotchman behind the bars at all he is one who has turned away from that old infamous Kirk to enter the communion of Colonel Ingersoll. I can prove this in Chicago to-day. How is it that for independence of mind and manly self-reliance and business talent and principle and push, there is no nation who can furnish the world with better men than Auld

Scotia, with its infamous Kirk? If the Kirk is the twin sister of the Spanish Inquisition, how is it that she can defy a pang of torture or a drop of blood to lift against her the accusing voice of persecution?

That a boy named Thomas Arkenhead was hanged in Edinburgh about the beginning of the nineteenth century for doubting the inspiration of the Bible, if not invented for the occasion by the lecturer, is but a pious fraud, fabricated in some jesuitical factory. If the Kirk had been given to such cruelty she would have had a more worthy victim in Hume, the historian. If the Kirk was so intolerant, why did she allow secession from her ranks and other religious bodies to be formed and exist in peace at her side? That her manner was somewhat stern, her discipline rigid at times, we honestly admit, but we tell Col. Ingersoll that the old Kirk has helped to make Scotchman a name of respect the world over, and some of Tom Paine's admirers would not suffer in character by a rigid conformity to her lessons.

Impotence of Infidelity.

But I must come to a close. I do so by saying that neither the tirades of Col. Ingersoll against Christianity nor the discoveries of science can overthrow our religion. The fool may say in his heart there is no God, but it is only in the fool's heart that that sentiment is written. The geologist may bore to the centre of earth; he can't find it written on the rocks of bygone generations; the astronomer may sweep the spacious firmament with his telescope, and, after he has examined all from the morning star to the most distant sentinel of the sky, on the vast star-spangled banner of night, he can't find it written there. The chemist

may analyze matter and reduce it to its primal elements, but on any of its atoms he can't find it written there.

To science, in her numerous walks and works in the fields of nature, mind, and morals, we say Godspeed. Every achievement she performs, every discovery she makes, and all the results of her explorations can not overthrow the Bible, but only serve to fill in that wide outline which meets the eye on the first page. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Science can never wipe out that grand piece of information, but science can show us how many, great, and marvelous are the works of Him who created the heavens and the earth and all things therein.

"The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influence of the Bible."— *Wm. H. Seward.*

"The Bible is the only cement of nations, and the only cement that can bind religious hearts together."—*Chevalier Bunsen.*

"Bible Christianity is the companion of liberty in all its conflicts, the cradle of its infancy, and the divine source of its claims."—*De Toequeille.*

"We are persuaded that there is no book by the perusal of which the mind is so much strengthened and so much enlarged as it is by the perusal of the Bible."—*Dr. Melville.*

"If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering and to prosper; but if we and our posterity neglect its instructions and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, and bury all our glory in profound obscurity."—*Daniel Webster.*

"We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy. I find more sure marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever."—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

"There never was found in any age of the world either religion or law that did so highly exalt the public good as the Bible."—*Lord Bacon.*

"I believe in God and adore Him. I have a firm belief in the history contained in the Old and New Testaments and in the regeneration of the human race by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ."—*Guizot.*

"The Bible gives strength in conscious weakness, joy in the hour of deepest sorrow, and hope triumphant when the earth and all it contains is slipping from beneath, and eternity waits for our coming."—*President Fisher.*

"By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized? If Bible reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, I do not believe there is any thing in which children take more pleasure."—*Professor Huxley.*

"Let us cling with a holy zeal to the Bible, and the Bible only, as the religion of Protestants. Let us proclaim, with Milton, that neither traditions, nor councils, nor canons of visible Church, much less edicts of any civil magistrate or civil session, but the Scriptures only, can be the final judge or rule."—*Judge Joseph Story.*

"In a word, destroy this volume, and you take from us at once everything which prevents existence becoming of all curses the greatest; you blot out the sun, dry up the ocean, and take away the atmosphere of the moral world, and degrade man to a situation from which he may look up with envy to that of the brutes that perish."—*Dr. Payson.*

WATSON'S REPLY.

Paine's Popularity and Habits—A Curious Side-Light Thrown upon Him in "Men and Times of the Revolution."

"About this period, the notorious Tom Paine arrived at Nantes, in the Alliance frigate, as Secretary of Colonel Laurens, Minister Extraordinary from Congress, and he took up his quarters at my boarding place.

"He was (Tom Paine) coarse and uncouth in his manners, loathsome in his appearance, and a disgusting egotist, rejoicing most in talking of himself, and reading the effusions of his own mind. Yet, I could not repress the deepest emotions of gratitude toward him, as the instrument of Providence in accelerating the declaration of our Independence. He certainly was a prominent agent in preparing the public sentiment of America for that glorious event. The idea of Independence had not occupied the popular mind, and when guardedly approached on the topic, it shrank from the conception, as fraught with doubt, with peril, and with suffering.

"In 1775 or 1776, I was present at Providence, Rhode Island, in a social assembly of most of the prominent leaders of the state. I recollect that the subject of independence was cautiously introduced by an ardent Whig, and the thought seemed to excite the abhorrence of the whole circle.

"A few weeks after, Paine's "Common Sense" appeared and passed through the Continent like an electric spark. It everywhere flashed conviction, and aroused a determined

spirit, which resulted in the Declaration of Independence, upon the 4th of July, ensuing. The name of Paine was precious to every Whig heart, and had resounded throughout Europe.

"On his arrival, being announced, the Mayor, and some of the most distinguished citizens of Nantes, called upon him, to render their homage of respect. I often officiated as interpreter, although humbled and mortified at his filthy appearance, and awkward address. Besides, as he had been roasted alive at L'Orient, and well basted with brimstone, he was absolutely offensive, and perfumed the whole apartment. He was soon rid of his respectable visitors, who left the room with marks of astonishment and disgust. I took the liberty, on his asking for the loan of a clean shirt, of speaking to him frankly of his dirty appearance and brimstone odor, and I prevailed upon him to stew, for an hour, in a hot bath.

"This, however, was not done without much entreaty, and I did not succeed, until, receiving a file of English newspapers, I promised, after he was in the bath he should have the reading of them, and not before. He at once consented, and accompanied me to the bath, where I instructed the keeper, in French (which Paine did not understand), gradually to increase the heat of the water, until *le Monsieur serait bien bouilli.* He became so much absorbed in the reading, that he was nearly parboiled before leaving the bath, much to his improvement and my satisfaction."

DR. BLACKBURN'S REPLY.

The Paine Factor in American Liberty Not as Potent as Ingersoll Imagines—Important and Interesting Facts.

Correct dates are in evidence concerning the priority of Thomas Paine in the cause of American liberty. Years before he came from his native England to this country, in 1774, voices of freedom were in the air. In 1748 a record was made of "the tendencies of American legislatures to independence," and of their presumption in "declaring their own rights and privileges." From 1758 onward, the independence of the colonies was predicted near at hand. In 1765, when James Otis was hailing the dawn of a "new empire," there were men in nearly all the cities, from Boston to Charleston, S. C., giving utterance to such phrases as struck hardest in the Declaration of July, 1776.

Samuel Adams had been for years praying that "Boston might become a Christian Sparta," before he insisted, in 1773, that the colonies should have a Congress to frame a bill of rights, or to "form an independent State, an American common-wealth." In a private letter of Hutchinson to Lord Dartmouth, October 9, 1773, Samuel Adams was described as "the first person that openly and in any public assembly declared for a total independence. . . . Within these seven years his influence has been gradually increasing, until he has obtained such an ascendency as to direct the town of Boston and the House of Representatives, and consequently the Council, just as he pleases."

Will any one ascribe to Thomas Paine the origin of the

Mecklenburg Declaration, put forth in May, 1775, by North Carolinians who renounced their allegiance to the King of England? The authors of it seem to have been educated at Princeton College, where Dr. Witherspoon was still training young men for the speedy crisis. We might point to the movements of other Christian men, and of patriotic and religious bodies, in behalf of liberty.

In January, 1776, Paine sent forth the little book on which his best reputation rests, and that eminent Christian, Dr. Benjamin Rush, appears to have suggested it, and given it the title of "Common Sense." If the ideas of the book had not been already popular and widely spread, it would have needed almost a miracle to give it a powerful influence; but we are told by Paine's loudest eulogist that "miracles became scarce" in those days. Its effect may have been partly due, however, to the fact that Paine cited Gideon and Samuel as authorities against monarchy.

It would be easy to show what George Washington thought in those days, but what did Paine and his admirers come to think of "the Father of his country?" In 1795 the *Aurora* put forth these words:

> If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation was debauched by Washington. If ever a nation was deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington. . . Let the history of the federal government instruct mankind, that the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the liberties of the people.

Mr. Hildreth says that "this, indeed, was but a somewhat exaggerated specimen of the abusive articles to be found almost daily in the columns of the *Aurora*, from the office of which had just issued *a most virulent pamphlet*, under the form of a letter to Washington from the notorious Thomas Paine, whose natural insolence and dogmatism had now become aggravated by habitual drunkenness."

The following seems to be quoted from the said pamphlet concerning Washington :

> Treacherous in private, and hypocritical in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether he was an apostate or an imposter, whether he had abandoned good principles, or ever had any.

The world has not been at all puzzled on that question, nor on the question of Paine's moral character, and his later influence. Hildreth, writing of the year 1802, says that "Paine, instead of being esteemed as formerly, as a lover of liberty, whose vigorous pen had contributed to hasten the Declaration of Independence, was now detested by large numbers as the libeler of Washington." Hence the damage of Paine's influence to the party of Thomas Jefferson.

"The Lord, by His divine Spirit, has been pleased to give me an understanding of what I read therein."—*Emperor Alexander I.*

"We are astonished to find in a lyrical poem of such a limited compass the whole universe—the heavens and the earth—sketched with a few bold touches."—*Baron Humboldt on 104th Psalm.*

"For more than a thousand years the Bible, collectively taken, has gone hand in hand with civilization, science, law; in short, with moral and intellectual cultivation; always supporting, and often leading, the way. Good and holy men, and the best and wisest of mankind, the kingly spirits of history, have borne witness to its influences and have declared it to be beyond compare the most perfect instrument of humanity."—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

"The Bible of the Christian is, without exception, the most remarkable work now in existence. In the libraries

of the learned are frequently seen books of an extraordinary antiquity, and curious and interesting from the nature of their contents; but none approach the Bible, taken in its complete sense, in point of age, while certainly no production whatever has any pretensions to rival it in dignity of composition or the important nature of the subject treated of in its pages."—*Kitto.*

"THE Bible is the book of life, written for the instruction and edification of all ages and nations. No man who has felt its divine beauty and power would exchange this one volume for all the literature of the world."—*Dr. Lange.*

"So great is my veneration for the Bible, that the earlier my children begin to read it the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country, and respectable members of society."—*John Quincy Adams.*

"I HAVE now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is, the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would have been rich; and if they had not that, *and I had given them all the world they would be poor.*"—*Patrick Henry, in his Last Will.*

DR. HATFIELD'S REPLY.

Wm. Carver's Letter to Thomas Paine, and Dr. Hatfield's Comments.

Colonel Ingersoll says that ministers and editors of religious papers have not ceased their falsehoods about Thomas Paine, and if they do not stop he shall convict them at the bar of public conscience of being liars.

Not long since one of Paine's admirers wrote in a daily paper that "the stories of his drunkenness and licentiousness are the wicked *invention of the clergy*, whose path he has dared to cross, and who only refrain from practising the abominable cruelties of past ages upon those who differ from them, not because of want of will, but because their strength is shorn." This assertion has been shown to be false by the testimony of one who knew him long and intimately, and who had no sinister motives whatever for giving to the world this picture of Paine's manner of life.

But there is another witness whose testimony ought to be taken, inasmuch as he was not only an intimate friend of Paine, but a firm believer in the doctrines that have made his name noted among men. His testimony must be received by his friends as well as his enemies, for in a private letter to the author of the *Age of Reason*, dated December 2, 1806, and published in the *New York Observer* November 1, 1877, he (William Carver) makes the following disclosures:

"A respectable gentleman from New Rochelle called to see me a few days back, and said that everybody was tired of you there, and that no one would undertake to board and lodge you. I thought this was the

case, as I found you at a tavern in a most miserable situation. You appeared as if you had not been shaved for a fortnight, and as to a shirt, it could not be said that you had one on—it was only the remains of one—and this likewise appeared not to have been off your back for a fortnight, and was nearly the color of tanned leather; and you had the most disagreeable smell possible—just like that of our poor beggars in England. Do you remember the pains I took to clean you? that I got a tub of warm water and soap, and washed you from head to foot, and this I had to do three times before I could get you clean? You say also that you found your own liquors during the time you boarded with me; but you should have said, 'I found only a small part of the liquor I drank during my stay with you; this part I purchased of John Fellows, which was a demijohn of brandy, containing four gallons, and this did not serve me three weeks.' This can be proved; and I mean not to say anything I can not prove, for I hold truth as a precious jewel. It is a well-known fact that you drank one quart of brandy per day, at my expense, during the different times that you have boarded with me, the demijohn alone mentioned excepted, and the last fourteen weeks you were sick. Is not this a supply of liquor for dinner and supper?"

This very remarkable letter, which confirms the statements made by others in regard to Paine's dissolute habits, closes with the following words, which I wish might be read and pondered over by every one who believes in the doctrines Paine labored so zealously to disseminate among men: "Now, sir, I think I have drawn a complete portrait of your character; yet, to enter upon every minutia, would be to give a history of your life, and to develop the fallacious mask of hypocrisy and deception under which you have acted in your political, as well as moral, capacity of life."

Additional Facts Concerning the Great Infidel.

Mr. Jay dismissed him from public service, under the charge that "he had violated his official oath, and was destitute of general integrity, and marked for general falsehood."

When he wrote the *Age of Reason*, he says: "I had neither Bible nor Testament to refer to, though I was writing against both." Only think of his audacious wickedness!

"That he bitterly regretted the writing and the publishing of the *Age of Reason*, we have incontestable proof. During his last illness he asked a pious young woman, Mary Roscoe, a Quakeress, who frequently visited him, if she had ever read any of his writings, and being told that she had read very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, 'From such a one as you I expect a true answer.' She told him, when very young she had read his *Age of Reason*, but the more she read of it the more dark and distressed she felt, and she threw it into the fire. 'I wish all had done as you,' he replied, 'for if the devil ever had an agency in any work, he has had it in writing that book.'" (*Journal of Stephen Grellet*, 1809.)

In addition to the above, I quote the following from the great American philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, to whom Paine submitted his manuscript of the *Age of Reason*, who said:

"I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may raise you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be without it?" (*Allibone's Dictionary of Authors*, p. 1484.)

Of his personal character and degradation, mark the following:

Says his biographer, James Cheetham, page 314: "In his private dealings he was unjust, never thinking of paying for what he had contracted. To those who had been kind to him he was more than ungrateful, for to ingratitude he added mean and detestable fraud. He was guilty of the worst species of seduction—the alienating of a wife and children from a husband and a father. Filthy and drunken, he was a compound of all the vices."

Ingersoll says he died in the "full exercise of his faculties, calmly, fearlessly, and unshaken in the belief he always held." How false this is let the following bear witness:

"Dr. Manley, who was with him during his last hours, in a letter to Cheetham, in 1809, writes: 'He could not be left alone night or day. He not only required to have some person with him, but he must see that he or she was there, and if, as it would sometimes happen, he was left alone, he would scream and halloo until some person came to him. There was something remarkable in his conduct about this period (which comprises about two weeks immediately preceding his death); he would call out during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, "O Lord, help me! God, help me! Jesus Christ, help me! O Lord, help me!" etc., repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. It was this conduct which induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions, and I was more inclined to that belief when I understood from his nurse (who is a very serious, and, I believe, pious woman), that he would occasionally inquire, when he saw her engaged with a book, what she was reading, and being answered, and at the same time asked whether she should read aloud, he assented, and would appear to give particular attention.' The doctor asked him if he believed that Jesus Christ is the son of God? After a pause of some minutes, he replied, 'I have no wish to believe on that subject.' 'For my own part,' says the doctor, 'I believe that had not Thomas Paine been such a distinguished infidel, he would have left less equivocal evidences of a change of opinion.'"

What a Catholic Bishop Says of Paine's Closing Hours.

The Roman Catholic Bishop Fenwick says:

"A short time before Paine died I was sent for by him." He was prompted to do this by a poor Catholic woman who went to see him in his sickness, and who told him if anybody could do him any good, it was a Catholic priest. "I was accompanied by F. Kohlmann, an intimate friend. We found him at a house in Greenwich (now Greenwich Street, New York), where he lodged. A decent-looking elderly woman came to the door, and inquired whether we were the Catholic priests; 'for,' said she, 'Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by other denominations calling upon him, that he has left express orders to admit no one but the clergymen of the Catholic Church.' Upon informing her who we were, she opened the door and showed us into the parlor. * * * 'Gentlemen,' said the lady, 'I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine, for he is laboring under great distress of mind ever since he was told by his physicians that he can not possibly live, and must die shortly. He is truly to be pitied. His cries

when left alone are heart-rending. "O Lord, help me!" he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress; "God, help me!" "Jesus Christ, help me!"—repeating these expressions in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say, "O God! what have I done to suffer so much?" Then shortly after, "But there is no God;" and then again, "Yet if there should be, what would become of me hereafter?" Thus he will continue for some time, when, on a sudden, he will scream as if in terror and agony, and call for me by my name. On one occasion I inquired what he wanted. "Stay with me," he replied, "for God's sake! for I can not bear to be left alone." I told him I could not always be in the room. "Then," said he, "*send even a child to stay with me, for it is a hell to be alone.*" *I never saw*,' she continued, '*a more unhappy, a more forsaken man. It seems he can not reconcile himself to die.*'

"Such was the conversation of the woman, who was a Protestant, and who seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in a state bordering on complete despair. Having remained some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining room. We proposed to enter, which was assented to by the woman, who opened the door for us. A more wretched being in appearance I never beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent in itself, but at present besmeared with filth; his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind, his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose better days had been but one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment was milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood which had also followed in the track and left its mark on the pillow. Upon their making known the object of their visit, Paine interrupted the speaker by saying, 'That's enough, sir, that's enough. I see what you would be about. I wish to hear no more from you, sir; my mind is made up on that subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of lies, and Jesus Christ to be nothing more than a cunning knave and impostor. Away with you, and your God, too! leave the room instantly! All that you have uttered are lies, filthy lies, and if I had a little more time I would prove it, as I did about your impostor, Jesus Christ.' Among the last utterances that fell upon the ears of the attendants of this dying infidel, and which have been recorded in history, were the words, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

"All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more and more strongly the truths contained in the holy Scriptures."—*Sir John Herschel.*

"Young man, my advice to you is, that you cultivate an acquaintance with and a firm belief in the holy Scriptures —this is your certain interest."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

"And, finally, I may state, as the conclusion of the whole matter, that the Bible contains within itself all that, under God, is required to account for and dispose of all forms of infidelity, and to turn to the best and highest uses all that man can learn of nature."—*Chancellor Dawson.*

"The Bible as a book has a self-perpetuating and multiplying power. Infidels have written books; where are they? Where is Porphyry, Julian? Fragments of them there are; but we are indebted even for this to Christian criticism. Where is Hume, Voltaire, Bolingbroke? It requires the world's reprieve to bring a copy out of the prison of their darkness. Where is the Bible? Wherever there is light."—*Bishop Thomson.*

"The first thought that strikes the scientific reader is the evidence of divinity, not merely in the first verse of the record and the successive fiats, but in the whole order of creation. There is so much that the most recent readings of science have for the first time explained, that the idea of man as the author becomes utterly incomprehensible. By proving the record true, science pronounces it divine; for who could have correctly narrated the secrets of eternity but God Himself."—*Professor Dana.*

"With thoughts thus expanded and touching the infinite—with the the soul aglow with sublimity—with aspirations exalted—let us turn to the language of the Bible, and learn whether it exalts the sensations and sentiments

we feel, or crushes them by its weakness and impotency. Let the answer come from the Hebrew Psalmist, from the prophets, from the language of those grand apocalyptic visions of St. John. I care not where it be selected, it furnishes the only fitting vehicle to express the thoughts that overwhelm us, and we break out involuntarily in the language of God's own inspiration."—*O. M. Mitchell.*

"SOME thousand famous writers come up in this century to be forgotten in the next. But the silver cord of the Bible is not loosened, nor its golden bowl broken, though time chronicles his tens of centuries passed by. * * * You can trace the path of the Bible across the world from the day of Pentecost to this day. As a river springs up in the heart of a sandy continent, having its father in the skies; as the stream rolls on, making, in that arid waste, a belt of verdure wherever it turns its way; creating palm groves and fertile plains, where the smoke of the cottage curls up at eventide, and marble cities send the gleam of their splendor far into the sky; such has been the course of the Bible on earth."—*Theodore Parker.*

"To a sincere and unsophisticated mind it must be evident that the grand outlines sketched by Moses are the same as those which modern science enables us to trace, however imperfect and unsettled the details furnished by scientific inquiries may appear on many points. Whatever changes we may expect to be introduced by new discoveries, in our present view of the universe and the globe the prominent traits of this vast picture will remain. And these only are traced out in this admirable account of Genesis. These outlines were sufficient for the moral purposes of the book; the scientific details are for us patiently to investigate.—*Professor Guyot.*

"Thomas Paine, in his extreme fear lest he should be made the victim of some childish fancy, or that somebody else would be victimized, attacked Masonry on the ground that it was a superstition that had come down from the Persian world, and was as full of nonsense as anything could be. He said that in the Masonic hall the presiding officer must sit in the east end of the room, the Masons must thus salute the east, and the lamps must be most abundant on the south wall of the room to mark the path of the sun; and that the 24th of June, a day so sacred in Masonry, was the day on which the old sun-worshipers built fires upon all the mountain tops and hill tops near their homes to celebrate the fact that the sun had reached his hottest place in the temperate zone. But, like much of Paine's reasoning, it was not important, if true. There is no harm in paying great respect to his dignity, the sun. One would better take off his hat before the sun in a grand summer morning than to render such a homage to a wicked duke or a painted girl.—*Prof. Swing.*

DR. GOODWIN'S REPLY.

The Renowned Pastor of over a Thousand Church Members Rises in Defense of the Truth—The Ax Laid at the Root of the Ingersoll Tree—The Solemn Issue.

Teachers of men are like trees. We can no more trust the words and theorizings of the one than the leaves and blossoms of the other. But when fruiting time has come we shall have tests that never fail. Grapes do not come of thorns, nor figs of thistles. Every good tree will have infallible witness in good fruit, and every evil tree in evil fruit. Just so of men who set up for prophets. When their doctrines have come to fruitage, there will be in the quality of that fruit, according as it is good or evil, the infallible test of the quality of what has been taught.

This is our Lord's canon of proving things. And He bids us stand in the ways and challenge whatever claims authority over our hearts and lives. We are not to accept a teacher, because he has the look of an apostle. We are not to accept his doctrine, because it charms the ear and gives great promise of blessing. We are to demand as prime conditions of our acceptance a showing of fruits; results wrought, whereby the doctrine which appeals to us is unequivocally demonstrated to be that which exalts God and blesses men.

Of course Christ and His teachings must take the same test that is applied to other teachers and other doctrines. No question is a fairer one with which to meet the claims of Christianity than, What fruits has it to show? Have its

teachings made men better or worse? Have they tended to emphasize and exalt truth, purity, justice, benevolence; to secure the well-being of individuals, communities, nations; or have they tended to beget untruth, impurity, injustice, selfishness, cruelty, tyranny, and thus heap upon men increasing mischiefs and woes? And this is the question between Mr. Ingersoll and the Ministers and Churches he assails so bitterly in his glorification of Thomas Paine. We, of the Ministry and the Churches, stand upon the Bible as the divinely-inspired and hence divinely-authoritative Word of God. We affirm that this book sets forth the true character of God, the aims and methods of His moral government, the scheme of His devising, whereby shall be secured His own highest honor and the highest well-being of His creatures. We affirm that upon men's believing upon the crucified Son of God therein set forth as the Saviour of men depends their salvation. We affirm that only as men accept the doctrines of this book, and order their lives thereby, can they attain individually to the largest measures of intellectual and moral development; or, as associated together, enjoy the highest social security, prosperity, and happiness; or as a nation make sure of real greatness and lasting glory.

Mr. Ingersoll denies all this. He declares that Christianity is a "superstition," a bundle of "ancient lies;" that the doctrine of Salvation by Faith is "infamous;" that the church is "ignorant, bloody, relentless;" that it "confiscates property," "tortures, burns, dooms to perdition," all who are outside of its pale, and does it with supreme delight; that religion "puts fetters" on man's intellect; that it is "destructive of happiness;" a "hydra-headed monster, thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men;" that it "fills the earth with mourning,

heaven with hatred, the present with fear, the future with fire and despair." And over against this, Mr. Ingersoll sets, as the true religion, the grand panacea of all human ills, the scheme of infidelity. "Infidelity," he says, "is liberty." It is this which "frees men from prison; this which civilizes; this that lights the fires on the altars of reason; that fills the world with light; this that opens dull eyes; brings music into the soul; wipes tears from furrowed cheeks; puts out the fires of civil war; destroys from the earth the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice, power, and drives from this beautiful face of the earth the fiend of fear."

Ingersoll's Sad Need of Spectacles at a Much Earlier Period in Life—What He Sees in the Historic Spectrum—A Remarkable Phenomenon.

This is a clear, sharp issue. Mr. Ingersoll stands before our text and says, "Christianity can not take its own test. It claims to yield grapes, but when the truth is told, it has only tearing, torturing thorns to show. It claims to be a gentle, innocent sheep, but it is nothing other than a ravenous, blood-thirsty wolf in disguise. The only genuine grape-vine, the only true sheep, is the doctrine which I teach, which I learned of my master, the one great, unequaled teacher of the ages, the apostle of liberty, the light and hope of the world—Thomas Paine."

What I propose is to apply this test of the text to both these schemes; to set Christianity and its fruits side by side with infidelity and its fruits, and see whether Mr. Ingersoll has told us the truth. It does not concern my purpose to speak particularly of Thomas Paine, and I shall not stop, therefore, to consider at length Mr. Ingersoll's apotheosis of him. He is entitled to his opinion, and so are we to ours. But I must confess to have read his oration

with amazement. I had always supposed hitherto that there were some other unselfish, pure-minded, liberty-loving men in those old times who had something to do with originating and carrying to success the scheme of American independence. But it seems we have all been mistaken, and history has been mistaken, and so for a hundred years the country has gone on heaping eulogies upon men that never deserved them. Somehow, this terrible despot and fiend of Christianity has contrived to falsify the records, blind the people, and keep hid away in its awful dungeons of disgrace and infamy the one purest hero, the one pre-eminent magnate of that glorious epoch. It does not exactly appear how this was done. It does not appear that any other patriot-infidel was doomed to like dishonor. Nevertheless, it has come to pass, that as to this man, the "first to perceive the destiny of the new world," the man that "did more than any other to cause the declaration of Independence," the very Achilles of the revolution, without whose voice and sword, apparently, everything would have come to naught—the whole nation has for a century been reading and re-reading its history, and hardly made mention of his name! What strange, what base ingratitude is this! For statesmen, historians, orators, poets, to keep sounding for decade after decade the praises of Washington, and Jefferson, and Franklin, and the Adamses, and ever so many more, and yet never to have lifted one acclaim for the hero that overtopped them all! Evidently, Mr. Ingersoll's spectacles should have come into use long years ago.

Listening to this arraignment of history, one can not feel e that any of its so-called verdicts are to be trusted. How do we know that, as a nation, we have not been guilty of like injustice and tyranny in the judgments that have been passed on Jefferson Davis and Benedict Arnold?

And who shall be quite sure that not only they may yet be rescued from the infamy that now envelops them, but even Judas Iscariot may not prove to have been calumniated by this relentless tyranny of a misnamed gospel, and take his place alongside of Arnold and Paine among the stars. Here, at least, is a new field in which Mr. Ingersoll may acquire laurels.

Further Optical Delusions of the Eloquent Colonel—Why Paine Came to America.

As to the claims put forward in behalf of Mr. Paine's leadership in securing our national independence, I can not refrain from a passing word. There is no proof whatever that any injustice has ever been done Mr. Paine in the estimate of his services by our historians. Mr. Ingersoll has not added a single fact to those well known before. No doubt Mr. Paine rendered valuable service, especially with his pen, in the interests of freedom; no doubt he deserved all the encomiums and substantial records he received at the hands of State Legislatures and of Congress. So far as I know, no one has ever disputed this. But when Mr. Ingersoll attempts to go beyond this, and hold up Mr. Paine as the "great apostle of liberty," the "first to perceive the destiny of the new world," as "doing more to cause the declaration of Independence than any other man," and declares his pamphlet, entitled "Common Sense," the "first argument for separation" of the colonies for the Mother country—he goes vastly beyond the facts. He may believe Mr. Paine entitled to all the credit he claims, but he certainly can not prove it. The truth of history is not to be overborne by a lawyer's specious plea, nor is its voice to be drowned beyond the passing moment, by the applause evoked by the wit and eloquence of a gifted orator.

The first significant fact is, that there is no proof whatever that Paine came to this country with any political purpose. He lost his place as exciseman, obtained an introduction to Benjamin Franklin, then U. S. Minister in England, who had received so many applications, that he had written a tract giving information about America —and from him secured a note of introduction to Franklin's son-in-law, Bache, commending him as needing employment, and so far as he could judge, worthy of confidence. He reached this country in December, 1774, and through Mr. Bache's influence, obtained employment as the editor of a magazine. And this is all there is of his coming. So far as appears, it was purely a matter of getting daily bread.

Paine and American Independence—The Cause of Liberty at White Heat before Mr. Paine gets Around— Interesting Facts.

In January, 1776, when he had been in the country barely a year, he published his pamphlet. Mr. Bancroft says he did it at the suggestion of Mr. Franklin, who had then returned from England, hopeless of securing any possible adjustment of the difficulties between the colonies and the home government. The pamphlet was timely. It was written in a clear, vigorous, and telling style; took ground boldly in favor of independence, and was, without doubt, greatly effective in urging forward the cause which it championed. But this is all that can be claimed for it.

Franklin had cherished and uttered the same views for years, and so had Patrick Henry, James, Otis, both the Adamses and many others. Indeed, ever since the passage of the Stamp Act there had been a growing conviction among nearly all the patriotic men of that day, that the separation of the colonies and the establishment of an

independent government was inevitable—a mere question of time. And at the date when this pamphlet appeared, this conviction was the dominant one among a vast majority of the people, and with reason. Boston port-bill was a fact, and had stirred the blood of all the colonists. Franklin had been insulted before the king's privy council, and that made the red heat white. More than all, Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker-Hill had been fought, and the smell of powder was everywhere in the air. The king had refused to listen to the second remonstrance of the colonies against taxation without representation, had issued his proclamation for the suppression of rebellion. John Adams' wife, Abigail, hearing that proclamation, stopped her spinning wheel, and wrote to her husband:

"This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent but tyrant state, and these colonies. Let us separate! let us renounce them! and let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and bring to naught all their devices."

This was in August, 1775, six months before Paine's pamphlet saw the light.

And Mr. Bancroft says of Mrs. Adams' appeal, "Her voice was the voice of New England."

Samuel Adams had said, also, in the Massachusetts Assembly, "The declaration of independence and treaties with foreign powers are to be expected."

Jefferson had said—speaking of the Stamp Act and kindred legislation—"I will cease to exist before I will submit to a connection with England on such terms as the British Parliament propose; and in this I speak the sentiment of America."

And still beyond this, Franklin had introduced into the assembly of Pennsylvania his plan for a confederation of the colonies.

This was the state of things when Mr. Paine's utterances were put forth. They were opportune and helpful. But chiefly as inciting to an earlier inauguration of the conflict that was sure to come.

Washington was at the head of the army—Boston invested with 20,000 men—Norfolk had been burned—the whole country was ready to burst into a flame.

Doubtless to Mr. Paine belongs in part the honor shared by many of helping to strike the match which kindled the fires of the Revolution. But he no more merits all that honor than James Warren or Orispus Attucks. The Continent was heaving and the eruption was sure to come. Mr. Paine simply helped to break the thin crust, and precipitate the outbreak of the long-pent fires of the volcano.

Paine's Fractional Glory in the French Republic.

Mr. Ingersoll's statement respecting Mr. Paine's part in the assembly of the French Republic, deserves a passing word. His statement is that "Thomas Paine had the courage, the goodness, the justice, to vote against the death of Louis XVI," when "all were demanding the death of the king," and hence when "so to vote was to vote against his own life." This would make it appear that Mr. Paine stood almost, if not quite, alone in that assembly; took upon himself the peril of martyrdom for his clemency. But read Lamartine's history of the Girondists, and see how differently a Frenchman loving democracy, and hating kingship as ardently as Thomas Paine, puts the matter. Mr. Lamartine says, Mr. Paine having received from the king 6,000,000 francs for his country, had "neither the memory nor the dignity befitting his station," but by his paper, read before the convention, "heaped a long series of insults upon

a man whose generous assistance he had formerly solicited, and to whom he owed the preservation of his own country." And when the question of the death of the king was at last, after a full month of debate, brought to a vote—there were 721 voices uttered from the tribune. Of these 387 were for death, and 334 for exile. So that, whatever the "courage, the goodness, the justice, the sublimity of devotion to principle, the peril of life," involved in Mr. Paine's vote, he had 333 sharers of his heroism and his glory.

A Fair Test, with Some Plain Philosophy.

But to come now to the purpose in hand and consider his arraignment of Christianity. Is it possible to apply this test-principle of the text, so that we may know to a certainty what the relative claims of the two systems asking our acceptance are? For they have both been long enough before the world to produce ample results, and results whose quality is ascertainable beyond doubt.

Let us take first, then, the character of the founder of Christianity, and test that, and then the character of the teachers of infidelity, and test them. We shall be sure to be on the right track in such inquiry. For while it does not greatly matter what the character of a man may be who gives us a new theory of electricity, or light, or anything—his discovery being of equal value whether he be honest or dishonest, temperate or intemperate, moral or immoral—it does matter what the personal character of a teacher of a new scheme of morals is. He comes claiming our acceptance of certain doctrines which, He says, are vital to our welfare. He declares that only as we accept His dogmas can we lead lives of highest happiness and usefulness. That everything, in short, that can be called good, is bound up in His teachings. Naturally,

therefore, and of right, we look to Him for an illustration of what He teaches. If He wants us to be truthful, honest, moral, He must be. The moment we fail to find in the teacher the exemplification of the thing taught, that moment the power of his teaching is broken. I am speaking, of course, of one who has a system which he claims to be superior to others, and which he insists that men must receive or suffer great loss. It is only folly for a known deceiver to try to enforce truthfulness, for a known thief to teach honesty, or a libertine virtue. We say, instinctively and scornfully to such—"Physician, heal thyself."

We have hence the best of rights to test this great teacher of Christianity, and to test Him rigidly. We have the right to put His life to proof everywhere, and see whether it shows a quality accordant with His speech. For He claims for His teaching not only supreme authority, but the authority of truth that does not rest content till it has taken possession of a man in the very roots of his being, penetrated him through and through, and made him so entirely a lover of truth that he will tolerate no fellowship with anything else. More than this, His standards of morals deal not so much with words and deeds, as with their underlying motives. With Him covetousness is not so much looking upon the things of others with the eyes of the body as with the eyes of the soul. To lust after a woman is as truly adultery, as the open violation of the seventh commandment. It is murder as truly to have the thought daubed in blood as the hands.

Furthermore, they who accept this teacher's doctrine must stand ready to surrender everything on the call of their master; to leave home and its treasures; to take oppositions, persecutions, sufferings, death even, and to do this without

murmuring. And only they who stand ready to do this, who covet to have their wills merged in their teacher's, who carry in their souls the ideal of a perfection as high as God, and who consciously and absorbingly desire and seek the good of men; only these can be counted true disciples.

Jesus Christ and the Testimony—Paine's Confession.

Here now is opportunity indeed for tests. And this founder of the new scheme, which He insists on having men receive, must demonstrate in Himself the spirit of His own doctrines, must illustrate unequivocally their fruits, or be rejected. What now are the facts? Why, clearly this, that He stands there on the track of history *the exact embodiment of every truth He uttered.* The keenest and most relentless criticism has had His life as in the focus of its blazing examination for centuries, has searched that life back and forth through every phase of it, from His childhood to the last agony on the cross, and yet is compelled to confess that nowhere is there a day or an hour, a deed or a word, or a thought, that does not exactly mirror the teachings of His lips.

More than that, He stands there the one only character of all the ages *absolutely without a spot or blemish*, and this, as I have said, not as the verdict of partial admirers, but of those who would, many of them, be only too glad to prove Him a hypocrite or a cheat.

Theodore Parker, and he is no enthusiastic devotee of Christianity, is compelled to say of Him that, "He unites in Himself the sublimest precepts and divinest practices; that He rises free from all the prejudices of His age, nation or sect, pours out a doctrine beautiful as the light, sublime as heaven. true as God

Mr. Chubb, a noted English infidel, admits in his "True Gospel," "that we have in Christ an example of one who was just, honest, upright, sincere, who did no wrong, no injury to any man, and in whose mouth was no guile."

Rousseau says: "What sweetness, what purity in His manner! what sublimity in His maxims! what profoundness in His discourses! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die without weakness and without ostentation! If the life and death of Socrates were those of a Sage, the life and death of Jesus Christ were those of a God."

And Thomas Paine himself is at pains to testify in his Age of Reason, that "nothing that is here said"—in his holding up of Christianity to ridicule, "can apply, even with the most distant disrespect, to the real character of Jesus Christ. He was a virtuous and an amiable man. The morality that He preached and practiced was of the most benevolent kind."

What the Testimony Demonstrates and its Significance.

Such confessions as these from the lips of infidels are most amazing. They demonstrate that Jesus Christ made good His astounding pretensions, that He was literally without sin, and had the best of rights to call Himself the light of the world. But the significance of these confessions goes further than this. For this stainless, perfect character is an absolute impossibility, if the claims of infidelity are true. Where shall we look for the exemplification of a system of morals but to its founder?

We look to Brigham Young as the prophet and head of Mormonism, and we find exactly what we should expect from the teachings of that faith; a polygamist and a despiser of all doctrines outside of the book of Mormon.

We look to Mohammed, and find him exactly what we should expect from the Koran, a man who believes in sensuality and in bloodshed to secure his ends.

So in the gods of the Romans and Greeks, and Hindoos and Egyptians, we find exactly such gods as we should look for from the religions to which they belong—gods stamped with deceit, cruelty, blood-thirstiness, lust.

So it should be here, if Christianity is what Mr. Ingersoll declares it to be, unloving, tyrannous, bloody, delighting in nothing so much as deceits and woes, then Jesus Christ should be of a piece with it. Nay, in Him all these foul things should be headed up. The stream can not rise higher nor be purer than its source. If lying, and rapine, and lust, and violence are the law or the practice, then infallibly sure are we that some Henry VIII, or Philip II, or Cæsar, or Borgia, or Nero, either makes the laws or wields the scepter. If Christianity is a bundle of lies, a code of cruelty, then he that originated it stands proved either the prince of impostors or the worst of fiends. Whereas, upon the testimony of infidels themselves, He is the one in whose speech and life there is more of purity, goodness, heaven, than in any other character the world has ever seen. He is, in short, the one combined God-man of all history!

Mr. John Stuart Mill, who is an avowed atheist, and of course denies the divine character and authority of Christianity, declares that it is of no use to say that Christ as exhibited in the Gospels, is "not historical." And he asks, "Who among His disciples, or among their proselytes, was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee; still less the early Christian writers." And Mr. Lecky, who agrees with Mr.

Mill in rejecting the divineness of Christianity, agrees also with him in conceding the historical claims of both Christ and His reputed doctrines. His language is, "It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character, which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has filled the hearts of men with an impassioned love, and has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, and conditions; has not only been the highest pattern of virtue, but the highest incentive to practice. * * * * Amid all the sins and failings, amid all the priestcraft, the persecution and fanaticism which have defaced the church, it has preserved in the character and example of its founder an enduring principle of regeneration." Such language from such men is decisive. It demonstrates that Christ and Christianity stand or fall together. That they are as inseparable as a stream and its fountain, as essentially one in character as the light and the sun.

The Other Side—Gibbon, Hume, Voltaire & Co.—How the Apostles of Infidelity Look Under the Doctor's Electric Light.

But what now has infidelity to set forth over against all this? If it is, as is claimed by Mr. Ingersoll, the sublime and blessed truth which is to banish all evil and fill the world with purity and heaven, it will have, of course, some grand examples of its superiority to show. There must needs be some among the apostles of this highest and divinest form of truth before whom the founder of this Christian scheme of lies, cruelty, and blood, will pale, as the stars before the sun. Who, then, are these grand luminaries who are to light our way to this millennium of freedom, purity and peace? There is no lack of apostles; Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Hume, Hobbes, Lord

Herbert, Bolingbroke, Gibbon, Paine—these are representative names, the highest and best that infidelity has to offer.

Gibbon is one of the fairest, as he is one of the ablest of them all; and he has given us a biographical account of himself, and therein, amid all the polish and splendor of the rhetoric of which he is such a master, "there is not a line or a word that suggests reverence for God; not a word of regard for the welfare of the human race; nothing but the most heartless and sordid selfishness, vain glory, and desire for admiration, adulation of the great and wealthy, contempt for the poor, and supreme devotedness to his own gratification."

Adam Smith calls Hume a "model man," a man "as nearly perfect as the nature of human frailty will permit." But David Hume maintained that our own pleasure or advantage is the test of what is moral; that "the lack of honesty is of a piece with the lack of strength of body," that "suicide is lawful and commendable," that "female infidelity when known is a small thing, when unknown, nothing;" "that adultery must be practiced, if men would obtain all the advantages of this life; and that if generally practiced it would, in time, cease to be scandalous, and if practiced frequently and secretly would come to be thought no crime at all."

Lord Herbert taught that the "indulgence of lust and anger is no more to be blamed than thirst or drowsiness."

Mr. Hobbes declared, that "civil law is the only foundation of right and wrong; that where there is no law, every man's judgment is the only standard of morals; that every man has a right to all things, and may lawfully get them, if he can."

Lord Bolingbroke held that self-love is the only standard

of morality, that "the lust of power, avarice, sensuality, may be lawfully gratified, if they can be safely gratified; that modesty is inspired by mere prejudice, polygamy a law of nature, adultery no violation of morals, and the chief end of man is to gratify the appetite of the flesh." And he kept faith with his teachings, and led the life of a shameless libertine.

Voltaire advocated the unlimited gratification of the sensual appetites, and was a sensualist of the lowest type. He was likewise a blasphemer, a calumniator, a liar, and a hypocrite; a man who all his life taught and wrought "all uncleanness with greediness," and nevertheless had the amazing good sense to wish that he had never been born.

Rousseau was, by his own confessions, a habitual liar, and thief, and debauchee; a man so utterly vile that he took advantage of the hospitality of friends to plot their domestic ruin, a man so destitute of natural affection that he committed his base-born children to the charity of the public that he might be spared the trouble and cost of caring for them. To use his own language, "guilty without remorse, he soon became so without measure."

As to Thomas Paine, the verdict of history is too well settled to be reversed by Mr. Ingersoll's wit, or ridicule, or denials. After all allowance that can be made for misrepresentation, this remains unquestionably true, on the authority of those who claimed to be his friends and knew him best, that in his last years he was addicted to intemperance, given to violence and abusiveness, had disreputable associates, lived with a woman who was not his wife and left to her whatever remnant of fortune he had.

These now are the representative names of infidelity, the most saintly apostles it has to offer: Men, the very

best of whom are characterized either by vanity or selfishness, or pride or envy, while some are given to deceit, blasphemy, drunkenness, sensuality. Yet these are held up as the examples and illustrators of this new and better gospel, that is to banish from the world the "dogmas of ignorance, prejudice and power," "the poisoned fables of superstition," and in their stead guarantee to us "freedom, truth, goodness, heaven." What say you, friends? Here they are—the representatives of Christianity, the advocates of the ignorance, bigotry, despotism, which is declared to so blight this world—Wesley, Whitefield, Luther, Calvin, Anselm, Augustine, John, Paul, Jesus Christ. And here, over against them, are the representatives of infidelity, the advocates of the doctrines that are to bring back to the world its lost paradise—Bolingbroke, Hobbes, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Thomas Paine. With which class shall we make surest of truth, virtue, happiness? With which will our wives and little ones be in the safest keeping? With which the purity of the community, the security of the state, the glory of the nation, be most surely guaranteed? Such questions answer themselves. No amount of sophistry, with even Mr. Ingersoll's brilliant rhetoric to help it, could make us mistake the night for the day. But as well attempt that, as try to make us put infidelity in the place of Christianity as the light and hope of the world.

The Divine Philosophy—The Way.

But let us advance the thought, and ask what are the fruits of the teachings of Christ as contrasted with those of the apostles of infidelity. In looking for these fruits, this remarkable fact appears, that Christ stands everywhere as the ideal character which those who accept His doctrine are

pledged to realize so far as lies within their power. This is a peculiarity of Christianity. To study Aristotle, or Pluto, or Bacon, and accept what they teach, implies nothing of this. I may receive all they have to offer, and yet come into no sort of personal relations to either of them. I may even accept such teachings as truth, and yet know nothing about their personal character. But not so as to Christ. I can not take up what He says about God, or sin, or obedience, or prayer, and set about carrying out such truths, realizing the ends for which they were set forth, and yet sustain no personal relations to Him, have no desire to become like Him. That is an impossibility. He and His word are indissolubly wedded, are inseparably one. To hear that word, from whosesoever lips, is the same as hearing Him; to receive it, is to receive Him, and to reject it, is to reject Him. The only possible way of accepting His truth, fully and truly believing it, is to accept Him, fully believe on and trust in Him. And the whole object of His teachings may be summed up in the simple idea of bringing men to be like Him. Not to have the spirit of Christ, is to be none of His. Not to covet to be conformed to His image, not to set that clearly before the mind as a constant aim of life, is to be proved not a true disciple. This is a fundamental principle, a law of Christianity.

The Truth.

Hence, the power of Christianity as it relates to men's lives. In the nature of the case, in just so far as it gets control of men's hearts, it must produce disciples stamped by the spirit of its founder. They who receive the truth of Christ, will inevitably reveal the likeness of Christ. Paul's eager counting, whereby he "counted all things but loss, that he might win Christ and be found in Him,"

and his constant exhortations to believers to "put on Christ," to be "conformed to him," are the spirit which all true believers feel. In other words, Jesus Christ is the one, universal model held steadily before the hearts of all who receive His truth. And there results just what we should expect—a spiritual transformation is wrought in every heart, whereby it takes on more and more of the likeness of Christ. Take Peter, for example, a rough, hard, very likely profame, fisherman, vehement and impetuous to the point of rashness, and yet cowardly even to falsehood and blasphemy, to escape being reckoned a friend of his manacled Master.

But when this gospel of Christ has gotten thorough possession of him, and the power of it comes to be felt, this same man is all inflamed with zeal, reveals a courage that does not flinch before thousands of his spiteful countrymen, and takes up a life full of ridicule, insults, scourges, prisons, and goes steadily on to the sure death that waits, only eager to be more and more like Him, the unseen, yet inspiring Lord, in whom his faith is anchored. So Paul, a scholar, but full of the scholar's scorn of the friend of publicans; a Pharisee of the straitest sect, and hence stirred with intensest hate toward all who forsook the faith of their fathers; so aflame with wrath that he stooped to fill the place of an executioner, and breathing forth threatenings and slaughter went out, even as some fierce inquisitor of Torquemada, glad to redden his hands in the blood of men, women, children, holding the despised gospel.

And the Life.

But this gospel by and by gets hold of him, and what a change! The lion becomes the lamb. The hate, the ferocity, the blood-thirstiness is not only all gone, but a

baptism of heavenly gentleness and love has come instead. He casts aside all his high opportunities, turns his back on the sure prospects of affluence and renown, and taking to his heart the very doctrines he despised, puts himself on the level of the publicans and harlots who have received the new truth, and goes forth to face an experience that for thirty-five years was one perpetual succession of indignities and sufferings which it is next to impossible to conceive. And does it with a sublime patience, nay, rejoices in his tribulations, and glories in his infirmities, because he thereby realizes more fellowship with the Christ of his hope, more power to commend Him unto men.

So always, this spirit which animated Peter and Paul animates all His disciples. It is the Spirit of Christ, His pity for men, His love, His desire to do men good, His longing to clear their hearts and lives of everything false, corrupt, mischievous, and thus ennoble and bless them —reproducing itself in all who receive His truth. Augustine, John Newton, John Bunyan, thousands of others, rise up all through the centuries to witness what fruits of character transformation this Gospel everywhere ensures. No matter of what race, or clime, of what condition in life, of what temperament, or idiosyncrasies, or habits, the one fact that inevitably marks the reception of this scheme of Christianity, is, that its disciples take on the visage of their Lord and Master. And if it could only have its way, and men would ever receive it into good and honest hearts, make it the law of their choosing, loving, doing, it would fill the world with the likeness of Jesus the Christ. And that, I take it, would end all debate.

For our city, filled with men, women, children, all bearing His visage, all filled and led of His spirit, all using His speech, repeating His life, would be what a city of love,

and purity, and heavenliness! And the world so filled would be, how plainly, that old prophetic word come true—the wolf dwelling with the lamb, the leopard with the kid, the swords beaten into plowshares, the spears into pruning hooks, the tears wiped from off all faces, sorrow and sighing forever fled away, the light of everlasting peace on all the faces, joy of everlasting blessedness in all hearts.

And when to this there is added all the mighty influence over men that comes from such conceptions of God as Christianity unfolds and requires men to accept; conceptions of God as infinitely good, and holy, and just, and suffering men to set up and whine by no standard but His own; conceptions hence which send men out to daily duty as under the conscious flash of omniscience, and in the conscious fellowship of perfect purity, unselfishness and tone; conceptions further of God as administers a moral government pledged, with omnipotence behind it, to secure the triumph of holiness, and the retribution of sin, sin of act, speech or thought; when, I repeat, all these considerations are brought to bear upon men's hearts and lives as constant forces, as by the scheme of Christianity they are, who can doubt what the quality of their fruitage in human conduct will be? As well might we doubt whether the sun will scatter darkness where he shines, or evoke life and beauty from the seeds embosomed by his warmth.

The Potency of Infidelity.

But what has infidelity to set over against these forces? What are the potent influences by which it is to surpass in efficiency for good, the example and teachings of Christ, and His apostles, the law of God and its standards, and thus renovate society and clear the earth of evil, and fill it with blessings? Why, that there is no absolute standard

of morals, and that every man is to be his own judge of what is right, and seek what will minister to his happiness or profit. That we may gratify our appetites at pleasure. That modesty is a mere prejudice. That to secure the highest good, we must lie, and steal, and practice adultery. That there is, probably, no God, and if there be, He is above taking cognizance of the petty matters of this life; that there is no hereafter, or, if there be, there is no punishment for sin; that God, if there be a God, wants men to despise all creeds, all reputations, all authorities that cross their preferences, give themselves to seeking happiness with utter contempt of rules, and preachers, and hell-fire; live while they live, and let the future take care of itself.

Two Pictures.

These are the two systems which are the claimants for our acceptance. Which shall we take for the vine, and which the thornbush? Which is the sheep, and which the wolf? Looking at the two classes of teachers as now put in contrast, and the spirit and tendency of their teachings, can there be any difficulty in making answer? As little as between a royal palm, on the one hand, its branches filled with singing birds, groups of parents and their children gathered underneath rejoicing in the grateful shade, the bubbling fountains, the fragrant flowers, and the luscious fruit; and on the other, a baleful upas tree, not a bird in its branches, nor a gushing spring, nor a flower, nor a living thing beneath, but far and near the bones of its victims thickly strewn and the poison of death tainting all the air.

And just as little doubt can there be, when we apply this same test of the text to the ages, and ask for the fruits of these respective systems of belief. I commend the inquiry to you. I can only hint at the testimony of history and

leave you to examine it at your leisure. Mr. Ingersoll prefers fearful charges against Christianity. Wherever he finds a witch hung, a philosopher put into prison, or an unbeliever put to death by those who wear the Christian name, there he raises the cry of tyranny, and blood-thirstiness, and accuses Christianity of pulling the rope, turning the key, kindling the fire. I have no defence to make for such things. They are sad facts in church history, and I condemn them as earnestly as does Mr. Ingersoll.

But admitting all such facts that can be hunted out in the sweep of eighteen centuries, the genius of the Gospel, the spirit of Christianity is in no respect moved to be cruel and tyrannous thereby. As well say that Peter's lifting his sword and smiting off the ear of the high priest's servant, or the desire of James and John to call down fire from heaven on the unfriendly Samaritans, was the spirit of Christ and His Gospel.

Christianity Not Responsible for the Wickedness of Christians—Lawlessness is Not the Law.

These things are not the product of Christianity. They are in no sense the legitimate fruit of its teachings, and in no sense do they truly represent its spirit. They are the product of human nature sometimes falsely interpreting, sometimes boldly over-riding the word of God.

Good men may be led astray, may be blinded, hurried on by passion, and do things which in cooler blood and under better light they would be the first to condemn. Christianity has never taught, has never approved such things. The Roman Catholic Church may have done so, and John Calvin, and Cotton Mather, but the Bible never. And while we condemn the misdirected zeal of these good men, we ought not to forget, as Mr. Ingersoll is at pains

to, the extenuations to which they are justly entitled, the fact, for example, that the highest authority in English law, Sir Matthew Hale, held Cotton Mather's view about witches and sentenced them to death. And the fact, also, that the sentence of Socrates was not the act of John Calvin, but of the Swiss magistrate, and their decision to burn him adhered to in spite of Calvin's earnest appeal that he should be otherwise executed. Nor making the most and worst of such a mistake, or crime, if any choose to term it so, ought we to be blinded thereby to the splendid services in behalf of truth, justice, liberty, rendered by these very men. There are spots even on the sun, but we forget about them in the wealth and blessings of his effulgence.

But whatever may be true of the conduct of particular disciples of Christianity, they never constitute the standards by which its teachings are to be tested. Such conduct throws us back upon the question, Is this what the Bible teaches? That is our statute book, and its express doctrines, not men's application of them, are what settle its spirit. If good men anywhere in our State, angered by the depredations of a gang of horse theives or burglars, organize into a vigilance committee, lay hands upon a suspected person, take him from bed or from prison and hang him to a limb of the nearest tree, we do not arraign the laws of Illinois, nor the people of Illinois for the act. We charge the violence, the lawlessness, upon the particular wrong-doers engaged.

So, here, the Bible nowhere teaches cruelty, tyranny, nowhere encourages putting men to death because of their beliefs, or even their shamelessness in sin. God did, indeed, in given instances, take the administration of human government into His own hands, and sweep the face of the earth clean of its vile inhabitants by the deluge; and blot

out Sodom and Gomorrah—the cities of the plain, with a fiery storm of retributive wrath. So He likewise gave order for the purging of the land of promise of the hordes of Canaanitish idolaters whose cup of abominations was overfull. And for these things God stands ready to make answer to all who arraign Him.

The Great Cloud of Witnesses.

But He has laid on men no injunctions requiring them to take His place and pass upon their fellows in judgment. Throughout His Book one spirit runs. On the authority of the one great expounder of it—the sum of all its commands is—supreme love for God, unselfish love for man. And this is the spirit which Christianity has always taught and always exemplified in its true disciples. Look at the proof before us to-day. Consider these thousands of Churches, their pulpits all aiming to exalt this Bible with its law of love, to magnify this Christ with His life of devotion to the welfare of men. Consider the millions of worshipers, all seeking to know God, all accepting His standards of character, all seeking to possess the spirit and wear the likeness of His son. Consider the countless multitudes of children in Sunday Schools, all filling the air with the praises of Jesus Christ, and all taught, if nothing else, that He is the one model they are to imitate, and His teachings to be the law of their deeds, their words, their thoughts. Consider these innumerable Christian newspapers, filling the land with the same doctrines, and using their prodigious influence to make them the supreme faith of the nations. Consider the hundreds of Christian Colleges and Seminaries, training young men and young women for lives of beneficence and usefulness. Consider the scores and hundreds of publishing societies, all animated with

one purpose, and sending forth their mighty streams of tracts, books, Bibles, to fill the earth with the story of Christ and with the spirit of His life. Consider the countless institutions established by Christianity, to relieve distress, to provide for the unfortunate, to administer the gospel of practical beneficence. Consider the manifold organizations aimed at spreading the gospel among all the debased races of the earth and making the victims of superstition with its nameless terrors know the glad tidings of a salvation that puts an end to bloodshed, and cruelties, and woes, fills all hearts with love, all homes with peace, all lives with blessing. Consider how this spirit of Christianity illustrated in all these diverse lines of effort, everywhere carries on its banner the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man, recognizes no distinction between the Negro, the Indian, the Chinaman, the Hottentot, the Cannibal, but seeks to make them all one in the fellowship and liberty of Jesus Christ. And consider yet again, that it requires, as one of its fundamental principles, a condition in fact of all true discipleship, all who receive its truths, shall pledge themselves to give, and pray, and toil without ceasing, till this gospel has penetrated every jungle, climbed every mountain fortress, hunted out every cavern, every kraal, every wigwam, every snow-hut, and sounded its invitations and promises in the ears of all mankind.

Whether all this signifies anything as a power for good in the world, judge ye. Mr. Ingersoll seems to think it goes for nothing. But against his opinion I put that of Mr. Lecky, who in his history of European morals, says this—he is speaking of the contrast between the influence of Christianity and paganism—"It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has

been not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice, and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said to have done more to regenerate and to soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of mortals."

The Fruits of Infidelity—The Blackest Page in Human History —The French Revolution.

But when was ever infidelity so engaged? Where are the organizations it has instituted, the missionaries it has sent forth, to fill the world with the blessings of faith, freedom, virtue? But I forget. Infidelity has such a record of organized endeavor to regenerate mankind. Turn to the history of the French Revolution and read it there. The leaders of that revolution, as you know, were the very class whom Mr. Ingersoll glorifies: the disciples of Diderot, Voltaire, Rousseau. They were avowed atheists or infidels, and Thomas Paine was one of the number, sat in their midst, participated in their discussions, aided in drawing up the constitution they enacted. What that convention said and did the world knows and will never forget.

They did what Mr. Ingersoll would be glad to have the Congress of the United States do. They abolished Christianity by vote. They declared there was no God, forbade the public instructors to utter His name to their children. They struck the Sabbath out of the calendar and made the week consist of ten days instead of seven. They wrote over the gates of the cemeteries, "Death is an eternal sleep." They tore down the bells from the church spires and cast them into cannons. They stripped the churches of everything used in worship, and made bonfires in the streets, and then instituted the rights of the old pagan religions, where the altars had stood.

Ingersollism Unveiled.

Not content with this, Chaumette, one of the leaders of the convention, appeared one day before that body, leading a noted courtesan with a troop of her associates. Advancing to the president, he raised her veil, and exclaimed:

"Mortals! recognize no other divinity than Reason, of which I present to you the loveliest and purest Personification."

Whereupon the president of the convention bowed and professed to render devout adoration. And a few days later the same scene was re-enacted in the cathedral of Notre Dame, with increased profanations and more outrageous orgies, and was declared to be the public inauguration of the new religion of the commune. And like desecrations and blasphemies throughout all France took the place of the old worship.

Worse than this, all distinctions of right and wrong were confounded. The grossest debauchery was inaugurated, the wildest excesses prevailed and were gloried in. Contempt for religion and for decency became the test of attachment to the government. The grosser the infractions of morals, the greater the so-called victory over prejudice, the higher the proof of loyalty to the state. To accuse one's father was the best proof of citizenship; to neglect it was denounced as a crime, and was punishable with death. Wives were bayoneted for the faith of their husbands, and husbands for that of their wives.

One of the chief tools of the commune, Carrier, ruling at Nantes, declared that the "intention of the Convention was to depopulate and burn the country," and he was as good as his word.

He gathered those suspected of disloyalty in flocks.

He shut up 1,500 women and children in one prison without beds, without straw, without fire or covering, and kept them for two days without food. The only escape was for men to surrender their fortunes, and women their virtue.

The Penumbra of Hell.

He contrived ships with slides in their hulls below the water line, loaded these with his prisoners under pretext of transporting them elsewhere, and when the vessels were in the middle of the Loire, ordered the valves opened and the victims plunged into the water, while he, surrounded by a troop of prostitutes, looked on and gloated over the scene.

And this is only a type of what occurred elsewhere. Proscription followed proscription, tragedy followed tragedy, till the whole country was one hugh field of rapine and of blood.

Mr. Ingersoll admits that 17,000 perished in the City of Paris during this combined reign of infidelity and terror; but he forgets to add that throughout France not less than 3,000,000 lives were the costly price of establishing the new religion.

There is no disputing these facts, nor the reasons that underlay them. This whole terrific record—and history knows none that is darker or more damning—was the direct and legitimate fruit of the doctrines which Mr. Ingersoll lauds as the sublime truth "that is to fill the world with peace!"

The men who originated and carried out this combined scheme of government and religion, were the men with whom Thomas Paine sat, and voted, and was in every way identified. His faith was their faith. And at his door equally with theirs does this series of the most fiendish

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outrages that ever disgraced a people pretending to be civilized cry for vengeance.

The Final Picture—Ingersollism, An Endless Night of Tears.

And what infidelity was then, it is now. And what it did then, so far as its assaults upon religion were concerned, and its overturning of civil order, it would do to-day, if it had the power.

If Mr. Ingersoll could have his way, he would abolish God, and the church, and the Christian Sabbath, and the Bible, and everything pertaining thereto. He would banish Christian newspapers and colleges, and benevolent societies; proscribe all oaths in courts of justice; expunge the name of God from all statute books, the name of Christ from all calendars and text-books; annihilate all moral standards; would, in a word, not only quench all prayer and praise and honoring of God, but sweep the world clear of everything that bears the name or shows the spirit of Christianity.

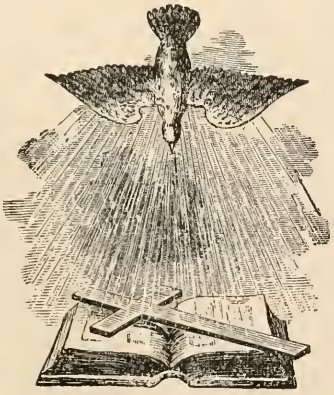
And what would he give us for all this? For our Bible, the Age of Reason. For the Sabbath, the beer-garden and the theatre. For worship, the rites of paganism or the adoration of an apotheosized courtesan. For the standards of God's law, that which should seem right in every man's eyes. For the law-making power, the blasphemous horde of the French commune. For security, the guillotine dripping with blood at every street-corner. For truth, candor, love, temperance, purity—deceit, treachery, hate, drunkenness, sensuality, with all their crimes and shames. In a word, for this is the outcome of all such purpose, if the infidelity that Mr. Ingersoll glorifies could have its way, it would strike the sun from the sky of our Christian civilization, and give us instead the lurid night of the reign

of terror, only it would make it a night with no Napoleon or Chateaubriand to break the gloom—a night of tears, and blood and woe without an end! Shall we open our arms to welcome this new gospel?

Tallyrand's Advice to Ingersoll and His Friends.

During this period of the history of France, one of the five Directors in whose hands the government was lodged, asked Tallyrand what he thought of Theophilanthropism, the name given the new religion. "I have but a single observation to make," was his reply. "Jesus Christ, to found His religion, suffered Himself to be crucified, and He rose again. You should try and do as much."

Friends, when this new gospel of infidelity shall furnish us such proofs of its right to claim our acceptance, it will be entitled to a hearing. Until then let us cling to the teachings of Him whose words and deeds alike attest Him the light and life of the world.



PERE HYACINTHE'S REPLY.

[Nineteenth Century.]

Ingersollism in Paris—The Metaphysics of Paganism—Eloquent Conclusion of the Great Philosopher.

The religious question, whatever may be said or done, is the reigning question of our epoch. As regards France and the Republic it is more and more evident to any one who has the slighest perspicacity that the question they have to solve under penalty of death—and of a death not far distant—is precisely the religious question.

As we approach and touch the actualities of our own time, I feel the lines of justice stronger and straighter. But within these lines and with the actualities of to-day we breathe, thank heaven, the beneficent atmosphere of liberty.

I shall therefore speak my mind freely, recounting what I see in the region of free-thought, as it is called. But the word is badly chosen.

We Christians also, we desire and we are bound to think freely. We are between two parties—I should say armies—that of Rationalism and that of Ultramontanism. I respect them both. I respect the Roman Catholics, because they are especially my brethren; I shared for a long time their delusions, and I still share their faith, as expressed in the Nicene Creed. I am and intend to remain a Catholic. I also respect the free-thinkers. I know how sincere a great number of them are, and moreover I feel myself moved by a painful and respectful sympathy for the sufferings which it has been my lot to discover in many of their

consciences. And far be it from me to willingly wound—I will not say any conscience—but any person, and, if I unwittingly do so, I retract beforehand.

I will not say that in the interval of these sixteen hundred years Christianity has perished: on the contrary, I think that in more than one sense it has more life than ever in the world, and that, too, in Paris. Twice in the history of these centuries the see of St. Denis has abdicated, and twice it has abdicated before two rival paganisms, mortal enemies each of the other, and yet leagued together against the Gospel—against the pure and entire Gospel.

Let us begin by speaking of the first of these two paganisms—of that which I will call the intellectual paganism, or rather the irreligious, I should almost say the impious, paganism—for it is that which suppresses religion. The other paganism is the superstitious paganism, which distorts religion. In speaking of the first of these paganisms—first chronologically, but not in power—I can repeat what we have learned from Leibnitz, and what experience has confirmed, that each new affirmation of superstition or fanaticism is met by a negation of incredulity and irreligion, and that each new manifestation of incredulity encounters a new affirmation of superstition. Extremes meet—nay, they do more—they unite and progagate; and this is precisely the tragic, the formidable aspect of the situation.

To deal with the paganism of incredulity, of irreligion, we must go back to the troubled dawn of our French Revolution.

It was before an assembly which had its days of glory, but which, at the time I am speaking of, was not worthy of France—the National Convention. At its bar appeared the successor of St. Denis, he who, invested with the

episcopal tiara, occupied the see of Paris—the constitutional bishop, Gobel. On his brow, which had borne the mitre (mysterious symbol of the august and pacific power which comes from Jesus Christ), he had placed the red Phrygian cap—emblem of the bloody demagogy. He appeared before the assembly without having been called, and, in base, despicable language said: "The will of the people has always been my first thought, and my first duty is to obey it." But the cowardly apostate confounded the respect of the people with the fear of the scaffold, as he confounded the respect of God with the terror of hell.

Tormented by day by the vision of the guillotine, tortured at night by infernal visions, actuated by the basest cowardice, and possessing no religion, neither that of the Stoics nor that of Christians, he had come there, surrounded by the meanest of his priests, to abjure at one and the same time his Christian faith and his episcopacy. "Citizens," said the president of the Convention to them, "in laying on the altar of the Republic these Gothic baubles, you have deserved well of the nation."

Frantic applause burst forth from most of the benches, while Robespierre, isolated in his disgust, meditated the sentence which a few days later was to send Gobel to wash out, if he could, his shame by the guillotine.

This was the first abdication of the pulpit of the see of St. Denis.

This abdication was not made, however, into the hands of paganism: the Convention was not pagan, it was deist. Robespierre proclaimed it in language which was perhaps strange and ridiculous, but which has also its sublime aspect—he proclaimed the official belief of the French people in the Supreme Being and in the immortality of the soul. Would that all the Republicans of to-day had preserved the orthodoxy of the National Convention!

The Convention was deist, but it was already outstripped by atheism. Robespierre was classed among the champions of the old *regime*. The Supreme Being was a myth to be banished with Jehovah and Jesus. The Commune of Paris was in the van of progress, and the procurator—ringleader—of that Commune, Chaumette, stood in front of the altar of Notre Dame to inaugurate the most disgraceful of all paganisms—the religion of atheism.

On the altar of Jesus stood a courtesan; she personified in her own barren and corrupting flesh the profaned reason of man. A shameless woman, a reason profaned—this was the goddess of Reason; and to her were offered adorations which we are willing to forget on the condition that we are not forced to remember them.

It was, therefore, a new paganism which arose; but, to the glory of the French people, I can say that the goddess of Reason threw off her vile trappings and cleansed herself of the mire into which she had fallen. And, yet, alas! to be faithful to truth, I am forced to say that the goddess of Reason is still standing erect, and that her throne is neither in Berlin nor London—at Berlin, in the German universities, where there are no doubt powerful lucubrations of rationalism and irreligion; in England, where flourishes to-day the most radically skeptical school in the world—but the irradiating and powerful focus is Paris.

Not only is the goddess Reason still living in our midst, and not only are we living witnesses, but we are living actors in a veritable paganism.

Paganism is vast—it stretches from the African fetishism to the pantheism of the Brahmins and the atheism of the Buddhists, for atheism itself has its religion. There are those to be found in our day who imagine that religion can be uprooted from the human soil and a great people

made to live without adoring. But religion is a thing so great, so subtle, so deep-rooted in man, that even when the very idea of God has disappeared, as in Buddhism (which contemporaneous *savants* affirm, although I myself doubt it), there still remains a religion, the most powerful and sometimes the most fanatic.

Thus, from the fetishism of the Africans to the atheism of the Buddhists and the pantheism of the Brahmins, there are all the degrees and shades of polytheism. But these numerous forms, opposed to one another, all enter into the great sphere of paganism. We must not, however, confound paganism with any of these forms, and if we wish to obtain an exact definition, we must go to the essence of it. What, then, is the essence of paganism or idolatry? Bossuet has told us in a single word: *everything is God except God Himself.* Paganism consists essentially in the substitution of the relative for the absolute, of the finite for the infinite, of man for God. I say "man" rather than nature, for in modern times we do not adore nature, especially exterior nature, for we know it better than our ancestors; we have analyzed it by our science, we have conquered it by our industry; we simply make it our slave. But when God has disappeared—when the Living-Infinite and the Personal Absolute have gone—when, as Hamilton says, we have succeeded in exorcising the spectre of the absolute, we find ourselves before another spectre—man: man beholding only himself, man adoring himself, sometimes with the calculating designs of a cold egotism, sometimes with the sudden passions of voluptuousness, ambition, or pride; but it is always man that adores himself. If he adores himself in his individual person, it is egotism; if he adores himself in the person of some or all of his kind, it is what is called to-day, in rather barbarous French, *l'altruisme*

(other-selfism); or when, finally, withdrawing himself from individuals or from his own person, he adores himself under the ideal of humanity, and when man adores himself in humanity, as Auguste Comte, a man of great talent, almost of genius, said, "in the continuity of convergent beings," it is still man adoring himself. And, I would ask, did not Auguste Comte himself, while summing up and crowning a scientific life by mystic conceptions, pass from pure philosophy to religion, and inaugurate in Paris, at No. 10 Rue Monsieur le Prince—it still exists—what he called "the sanctuary of the religion of humanity," of which he was the first high-priest, and for which he created a calendar and sacraments? These are living facts of to-day.

The two schools which nowadays hold sway over the scientific realm, and would fain attract within their grasp all methods of teaching, and encroach on private and social life, are the sciences of Materialism and Positivism.

But I will not hesitate to tell these schools that they, in fact, are the embodiment of paganism in the sense of the substitution of man for God. It is true that it is a very pure paganism, for indeed there could be no other within a Christian society. Jesus Christ has spoken of worship in spirit and in truth. I say that it is idolatry in spirit and in truth. It is the creature usurping the place of the Creator; the constant substitution of the finite for the infinite, of man for the personal and living God. That is paganism; and we find it in the three orders of human life—knowledge, ethics, and society.

In the order of knowledge, it is reason serving itself not only from Christian revelation—that would be already too much, for human reason has need of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—but extinguishing on the very heights it occupies the effulgent rays of dawn, the breath of the

early day about to break. It is reason forgetting all metaphysics, as well as all religion; restraining, crippling itself in the order of outer and material observation, and in the order of inner and psychological observation.

"There is but nothingness beyond observation and facts," says the Materialist; nothing but hypothesis, says the Positivist. But this is the mutilated reason of man, the science of observation set in the place of natural sense, of the rational intuition of things spiritual and eternal. Such is the first characteristic of paganism.

If we enter into conscience, we find an absence of the absolute elements, because God is no longer there: God is nothing, or at least an hypothesis. The human conscience, bereft of its absolute elements, is necessarily bereft of all divine elements. What then remains? Three laws, from which a man may chose according to his taste or fancy, according as his mind is of an austere or depraved character—the law of conscience, but of a conscience wholly relative and contingent, a conscience based on self, which is but self communing with self in its own dignity; the law of duty, a beautiful law, inasmuch as it sometimes gives rise to real virtues, admirable self-sacrifice in inconsistent men, who are better than their systems.

And yet this is but a relative, contingent conscience, devoid of all value but that of human self. By the side of the law of conscience there is the law of the heart, with its fervid enthusiasm, its beautiful ideal of the imagination as well as of sentiment. Need I add that underneath conscience and heart lies what has been called "the law of physical members," as expounded by that great Saint-Simonian school which taught the rehabilitation of the flesh.

If conscience be not an element superior to man, and

law not a light existing within him, but coming to him from above, it is left to man to choose, to calculate in his wisdom the measure of his conscience which bids him sacrifice himself, the measure of his heart which bids him love, and the measure of his flesh which counsels his enjoyment. That is logic. Man may be better than logic, but nevertheless this is logic. It is man, principle and end of morality, as it is man, the principle and end of conscience.

In the social order we have democracy, a most noble form, and perhaps the definitive form of human societies. Let us use no ambiguities here. The democracy which I admit is that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the initiator of contemporary democracy; and though often a false prophet, he was true and sublime when he qualified democracy as "God's people governing itself," *i.e.* the sovereignty of the people acting only as agent of the superior sovereignty of reason and justice. But the democracy of human affairs which ignores God and His divine law in all things is a democracy which renders nugatory all laws it can make itself, and powerless all human action.

If the value of laws, of political constitutions, of the constitution of society itself—if the value of property and of the family tie are not founded on absolute reason, but are merely the arbitrary result of the popular will;—if man, the majority of the people—for it is a majority, never a whole people, that speaks—declares that such and such a law is a true or just one because it has so willed it, and such and such a constitution wrong or bad because it will have no more of it—I maintain that such a democracy is but tyranny under a new form. It matters little to me that I am governed by one man or millions of men.

As a man I owe obedience direct only to reason and

divine justice, indirectly to the social agent established in the name of this reason and of this justice. In a traditionally monarchial society this agent is the prince, and I acknowledge the monarch. But, I repeat, behind and above the monarch I bow only to divine order and supreme law, whose agent he, the king or the emperor, is held to be.

In a democratic society it is the people—I should say the majority of the people, since we must be arraigned before that law of numbers which is becoming the constituted agent of justice and law. I accept willingly the majority of the people; but that majority can claim my allegiance only so long as it shall represent the principle of a higher order, the principle of absolute justice—God. Thus, in the social as well as in the moral and intellectual order, it is every man arraigned before his fellow-man. In other words, it is paganism.

What we must do, and I continue to appeal to my dear fellow-citizens, my dear co-religionists—for, after all, we are all Christians, and when we go to the bottom of our souls we all feel Christianity there—we must, amid all these errors, raise aloft the banner of the Gospel. Instead of isolating ourselves, instead of firing on one another in this civil war, in this criminal and mad war, we must unite together. We must labor in that work of which Mr. Gladstone, one of those statesmen who do not blush to be real Christians, remarked to me one day that the greatest idea of this century was Catholic reform and the unity of the Church. Above Protestanism and its divisions, above Roman Catholicism and its oppression, above Greek Catholicism and its somnolence or isolation, let us endeavor to arouse a great organic and living Christianity, a vast superior and integral Catholicism, a free and strong federation of churches and consciences.

DYING WORDS.

"Bless you, there is no river here."—*Bishop Haven.*

"The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell"—*John Wesley.*

"O, why not now? But Thy will be done; come, Lord Jesus."—*St. Augustine.*

"Now I go into Paradise."—*Jacob Bœhmer.*

"Welcome joy."—*John Elliot.*

"What shall I say? Christ is altogether lovely; His glorious angels are come for me."—*John Bailey.*

"See in what peace a Christian can die."—*Joseph Addison.*

"Glory! glory! glory! Hallelujah, Jesus reigns!"—*Jesse Lee.*

"I am not disappointed."—*Bishop Janes.*

"Talk to me of Jesus."—*Adam Nightingale.*

"Such singing! Do you not hear it?"—*John Carey.*

"Rest, perfect rest."—*Thomas Burrows.*

"All is light."—*Theophilus Pugh.*

"Tell my brethren I am on the rock. There is no other foundation."—*Joseph Hollis.*

"O God of angels and powers, and of all creatures, and of all the just that live in Thy sight; blessed be Thou who hast made me worthy to see this day and hour; Thou hast made me a partaker among the holy martyrs. O Lord, I adore Thee for all thy mercies. I bless Thee that I glorify Thee through Thy only-begotten Son, the eternal High Priest, Jesus Christ."—*Polycarp, at the Stake.*

"I am not afraid to look death in the face. I can say, 'Death, where is thy sting?'"—*John Dodd.*

"If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."—*Wm. Hunter.*

"If this be dying, it is the easiest thing imaginable."—*Lady Glenorchy.*

"I welcome death, and calmly pass away."—*Arthur Murphy.*

"I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am comfortably coming to my end."—*Collingwood.*

"I did not suppose it was so sweet to die."—*Saurez, the Spanish theologian.*

"Let me die in the sounds of delicate music."—*Mirabeau.*

"Kiss me, Hardy. I thank God I have done my duty."—*Lord Nelson.*

"I feel well; I never felt more so in my life; I am inexpressibly happy."—*David Daily.*

"Glory to God in the highest, the whole earth shall be filled with His glory."—*Jesse Appleton.*

"After glories that God has manifested to my soul, all is light, light, light—the brightness of His own glory. O come, Lord Jesus, come; come quickly."—*Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages."*

"See how calm a Christian can die!"—*Addison.*

"Blessed be God, all is well."—*Darracott.*

"Never better; soon home; only two steps more, and I shall reach my Father's home."—*Dr. Rowland Taylor.*

"Glory to God, I see heaven open before me."—*Benjamin Abbott.*

"I have done with darkness forever."—*Thomas Scott.*

"Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God."—*Mrs. Susanna Wesley.*

"Brethren, sing and pray; eternity dawns."—*Dr. Eddy.*

"I am going up, up, up."—*R. V. Lawrence.*

"I have got the victory, and Christ is holding out both hands to embrace me."—*Rutherford.*

"Glory! glory! glory! Hallelujah! Jesus reigns."—*Jesse Lee.*

"Let him fear death who must pass from this death to the second death."—*Cyprian*

"Now I go into paradise."—*Rev. Jacob Bœhmer.*

"I believe, I believe. I am almost well. Lord teach us how to die."—*Richard Baxter*

"We shall meet ere long to sing the new song, and remain happy forever in a world without end."—*John Bunyan.*

"Live in Christ, live in Christ, and the flesh need not fear death."—*John Knox.*

"Jesus, Jesus, I die, but Thou livest."—*Otterbein.*

"The greatest conflict is over; all is done. To live is Christ; but to die is gain."—*J. Harvey.*

"My son, you have taken away my religion; now tell me something to comfort me."—*The Message of Hume's Mother, on her death-bed, to her son.*

"Welcome this chain for Christ's sake."—*John Huss, at the Stake.*

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."—*Bede.*

"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."—*Martin Luther.*

"I want nothing; I am looking for nothing but heaven."—*Melanethon.*

"Now let Thy servant depart in peace. Suffer me to come to thee. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."—*Bishop Jewell.*

"I am found in Him who loved me and gave Himself for me. I am swallowed up in God."—*Dr. Goodwin,* (*Puritan Divine*).

"Glory to Thee, O God."—*Gordon Hall.*

"The Celestial City is now full in my view."—*Payson.*

"I am taking a fearful leap into the dark."—*Hobbs.*

"I long to die, that I may be in the place of perdition, that I may know the worst of it. My damnation is sealed."—*William Pope.*

"Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell."—*Sir Francis Newport.*

"I must die—abandoned of God and of men."—*Voltaire.*

In a recent rehash of an old lecture on Thomas Paine we find the following paragraph: "You have burned us at the stake; roasted us upon slow fires; torn our flesh with iron; you have covered us with chains; treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and our children from our arms," etc.

We ask in the name of simplest truth and common justice who it is that have suffered these things? The answer comes from every page of history, that it is followers of Christ, who have clung to Him through the fires of persecution and the floods of misfortune.

They were believers in the Bible who went to the stake; else, why were Bibles burned with them in the flames? Men do not go to the rack, the stake, or the guillotine, rather than renounce their faith when they have no faith to renounce.

Men and women do not choose to be placed in red-hot iron chains rather than to deny a Lord on whom they have never believed.

Men do not submit to have their tungs cut out, to be thrown to wild beasts, or to perish in slow fires, in preference to recanting from a position they have never assumed.

Cellsus was not crucified; Parphry was not banished; Julian did not suffer, save at the hands of his own conscience; Voltaire was not thrown into a caldron of boiling oil; Paine was not burned at the stake, and modern skeptics are not placed in the stocks or whipped in the streets.

It was men, women, yes, and children, who clung to the written word when fire and flame and irons and lash were the rewards of their fidelity. They have been driven to mountains and caverns, to wander in sheepskins and goatskins—they of whom the world was not worthy.

The same hands burned Christians that burned Bibles. They thought to crush the book and its believers by the same means. But the old book lives on, unmindful of the waves that beat against its unfailing foundations. It is still the "pillar of cloud" by day, and the "pillar of fire" in the night time of persecution, and thus it will ever be until the weary feet of God's little ones find rest upon the ever green shores of eternal life.—*Mrs. H. V. Reed.*

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

COL. INGERSOLL'S LECTURE ON THOMAS PAINE.

Delivered in Central Music Hall, Chicago, January 29, 1880.

(From the Chicago Times, Verbatim Report.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It so happened that the first speech—the very first public speech I ever made—I took occasion to defend the memory of Thomas Paine.

I did it because I had read a little something of the history of my country. I did it because I felt indebted to him for the liberty I then enjoyed—and whatever religion may be true, ingratitude is the blackest of crimes. And whether there is any God or not, in every star that shines, gratitude is a virtue.

The man who will tell the truth about the dead is a good man, and for one, about this man, I intend to tell just as near the truth as I can.

Most history consists in giving the details of things that never happened—most biography is usually the lie coming from the mouth of flattery, or the slander coming from the lips of malice, and whoever attacks the religion of a country will, in his turn, be attacked. Whoever attacks a superstition will find that superstition defended by all the meanness of ingenuity. Whoever attacks a superstition will find that there is still one weapon left in the arsenal of Jehovah—slander.

I was reading, on yesterday, a poem called the "Light of Asia," and I read in that how a Boodh seeing a tigress perishing of thirst, with her mouth upon the dry stone of a stream, with her two cubs sucking at her dry and empty dugs, this Boodh took pity upon this wild and famishing beast, and, throwing from himself the yellow robe of his order, and stepping naked before this tigress, said: "Here is meat for you and for your cubs." In one moment the crooked daggers of her claws ran riot in his flesh, and in another he was devoured. Such, during nearly all the history of this world, has been the history of every man who has stood in front of superstition.

Thomas Paine, as has been so eloquently said by the gentleman who introduced me, was a friend of man, and whoever is a friend of man is also a friend of God—if there is one. But God has had many friends

who were the enemies of their fellow-men. There is but one test by which to measure any man who has lived. Did he leave this world better than he found it? Did he leave in this world more liberty? Did he leave in this world more goodness, more humanity, than when he was born? That is the test. And whatever may have been the faults of Thomas Paine, no American who appreciates liberty, no American who believes in true democracy and pure republicanism, should ever breathe one word against his name. Every American, with the divine mantle of charity, should cover all his faults, and with a never-tiring tongue should recount his virtues.

He was a common man. He did not belong to the aristocracy. Upon the head of his father God had never poured the divine petroleum of authority. He had not the misfortune to belong to the upper classes. He had the fortune to be born among the poor and to feel against his great heart the throb of the toiling and suffering masses. Neither was it his misfortune to have been educated at Oxford. What little sense he had was not squeezed out at Westminster. He got his education from books. He got his education from contact with his fellow-men, and he *thought;* and a man is worth just what nature impresses upon him. A man standing by the sea, or in a forest, or looking at a flower, or hearing a poem, or looking into the eyes of the woman he loves, receives all that he is capable of receiving—and if he is a great man the impression is great, and he uses it for the purpose of benefiting his fellow-man.

Thomas Paine was not rich; he was poor, and his father before him was poor, and he was raised a sail-maker, a very lowly profession, and yet that man became one of the main-stays of liberty in this world. At one time he was an excise man, like Burns. Burns was once—speak it softly—a gauger—and yet he wrote poems that will wet the cheek of humanity with tears as long as this world travels in its orb around the sun.

Poverty was his brother, necessity his master. He had more brains than books; more courage than politeness; more strength than polish. He had no veneration for old mistakes, no admiration for ancient lies. He loved the truth for truth's sake and for man's sake. He saw oppression on every hand, injustice everywhere, hypocrisy at the altar, venality on the bench, tyranny on the throne, and with a splendid courage he espoused the cause of the weak against the strong, of the enslaved many against the titled few.

In England he was nothing. He belonged to the lower classes—that is, the useful people. England depended for her prosperity upon her

mechanics and her thinkers, her sailors and her workers, and they are the only men in Europe who are not gentlemen. The only obstacles in the way of progress in Europe were the nobility and the priests, and they are the only gentlemen.

This, and his native genius, constituted his entire capital, and he needed no more. He found the colonies clamoring for justice; whining about their grievances; upon their knees at the foot of the throne, imploring that mixture of idiocy and insanity, George III, by the grace of God, for a restoration of their ancient privileges. They were not endeavoring to become free men, but were trying to soften the heart of their master. They were perfectly willing to make brick if Pharoah would furnish the straw. The colonists wished for, hoped for, and prayed for reconciliation. They did not dream of independence.

Paine gave to the world his "Common Sense." It was the first argument for separation; the first assault upon the British form of government; the first blow for a republic, and it aroused our fathers like a trumpet's blast. He was the first to perceive the destiny of the new world. No other pamphlet ever accomplished such wonderful results. It was filled with arguments, reasons, persuasions, and unanswerable logic. It opened a new world. It filled the present with hope and the future with honor. Everywhere the people responded, and in a few months the Continental Congress declared the colonies free and independent states. A new nation was born.

It is simple justice to say that Paine did more to cause the Declaration of Independence than any other man. Neither should it be forgotten that his attacks upon Great Britain were also attacks upon monarchy, and while he convinced the people that the colonies ought to separate from the mother country, he also proved to them that a free government is the best that can be instituted among men.

In my judgment Thomas Paine was the best political writer that ever lived. "What he wrote was pure nature, and his soul and his pen ever went together." Ceremony, pageantry, and all the paraphernalia of power, had no effect upon him. He examined into the why and wherefore of things. He was perfectly radical in his mode of thought. Nothing short of the bed-rock satisfied him. His enthusiasm for what he believed to be right knew no bounds. During all the dark scenes of the revolution never for a moment did he despair. Year after year his brave words were ringing through the land, and by the bivouac fires the weary soldiers read the inspiring words of "Common Sense," filled with ideas sharper than their swords, and consecrated themselves anew to the cause of freedom.

Paine was not content with having aroused the spirit of independence, but he gave every energy of his soul to keep that spirit alive. He was with the army. He shared its defeats, its dangers, and its glory. When the situation became desperate, when gloom settled upon all, he gave them the "Crisis." It was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading the way to freedom, honor, and glory. He shouted to them "These are the times that try men's souls." The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot, will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.

To those who wished to put the war off to some future day, with a lofty and touching spirit of self-sacrifice, he said: "Every generous parent should say: 'If there must be war, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.'" To the cry that Americans were rebels, he replied: "He that rebels against reason is a real rebel; but he that in defense of reason rebels against tyranny, has a better title to 'Defender of the Faith' than George III."

Some said it was to the interest of the colonies to be free. Paine answered this by saying: "To know whether it be the interest of the continent to be independent, we need ask only this simple, easy question: 'Is it the interest of a man to be a boy all his life?'" He found many who would listen to nothing, and to them he said: "That to argue with a man who has renounced his reason is like giving medicine to the dead." This sentiment ought to adorn the walls of every orthodox church.

There is a world of political wisdom in this: "England lost her liberty in a long chain of right reasoning from wrong principles;" and there is real discrimination in saying: "The Greeks and Romans were strongly possessed of the spirit of liberty, but not the principles, for at the time they were determined not to be slaves themselves, they employed their power to enslave the rest of mankind."

In his letter to the British people, in which he tried to convince them that war was not to their interest, occurs the following passage brimful of common sense: "War never can be the interest of a trading nation any more than quarreling can be profitable to a man in business. But to make war with those who trade with us is like setting a bull-dog upon a customer at the shop door."

The writings of Paine fairly glitter with simple, compact, logical statements that carry conviction to the dullest and most prejudicial. He had the happiest possible way of putting the case, in asking questions in such a way that they answer themselves, and in stating his premises so clearly that the deduction could not be avoided.

Day and night he labored for America. Month after month, year after year, he gave himself to the great cause, until there was "a government of the people and for the people," and until the banner of the stars floated over a continent redeemed and consecrated to the happiness of mankind.

At the close of the Revolution no one stood higher in America than Thomas Paine. The best, the wisest, the most patriotic were his friends and admirers; and had he been thinking only of his own good he might have rested from his toils and spent the remainder of his life in comfort and in ease. He could have been what the world is pleased to call "respectable." He could have died surrounded by clergymen, warriors, and statesmen, and at his death there would have been an imposing funeral, miles of carriages, civic societies, salvos of artillery, a Nation in mourning, and, above all, a splendid monument covered with lies. He chose rather to benefit mankind. At that time the seeds sown by the great infidels were beginning to bear fruit in France. The eighteenth century was crowning its gray hairs with the wreath of progress.

On every hand science was bearing testimony against the church. Voltaire had filled Europe with light; D'Holbach was giving to the *elite* of Paris the principles contained in his "System of Nature." The encyclopædists had attacked superstition with information for the masses. The foundation of things began to be examined. A few had the courage to keep their shoes on and let the bush burn. Miracles began to get scarce. Everywhere the people began to inquire. America had set an example to the world. The word liberty was in the mouths of men, and they began to wipe the dust from their superstitious knees. The dawn of a new day had appeared.

Thomas Paine went to France. Into the new movement he threw all his energies. His fame had gone before him, and he was welcomed as a friend of the human race and as a champion of free government.

He had never relinquished his intention of pointing out to his countrymen the defects, absurdities, and abuse of the English government. For this purpose he composed and published his greatest political work "The Rights of Man." This work should be read by every man and woman. It is concise, accurate, rational, convincing, and unanswerable. It shows great thought, an intimate knowledge of the various forms of government, deep insight into the very springs of human action, and a courage that compels respect and admiration. The most difficult political problems are solved in a few sentences. The venerable arguments in favor of wrong are refuted with a question—answered with a word. For forcible illustration, apt comparison, accuracy and clearness of statement, and absolute thoroughness, it has never been excelled.

The fears of the administration were aroused, and Paine was prosecuted for libel, and found guilty; and yet there is not a sentiment in the entire work that will not challenge the admiration of every civilized man. It is a magazine of political wisdom, an arsenal of ideas, and an honor not only to Thomas Paine, but to human nature itself. It could have been written only by the man who had the generosity, the exalted patriotism, the goodness to say: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

There is in all the utterances of the world no grander, no sublimer sentiment. There is no creed that can be compared with it for a moment. It should be wrought in gold, adorned with jewels, and impressed upon every human heart: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

In 1792, Paine was elected by the department of Calais as their representative in the National Assembly. So great was his popularity in France, that he was selected about the same time by the people of no less than four departments.

Upon taking his place in the assembly, he was appointed as one of a committee to draft a constitution for France. Had the French people taken the advice of Thomas Paine, there would have been no "reign of terror." The streets of Paris would not have been filled with blood in that reign of terror. There were killed in the City of Paris not less, I think, than seventeen thousand people—and on one night, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, there were killed, by assassination, over sixty thousand souls—men, women, and children. The revolution would have been the grandest success of the world. The truth is that Paine was too conservative to suit the leaders of the French revolution. They, to a great extent, were carried away by hatred and a desire to destroy. They had suffered so long, they had borne so much, that it was impossible for them to be moderate in the hour of victory.

Besides all this, the French people had been so robbed by the government, so degraded by the church, that they were not fit material with which to construct a republic. Many of the leaders longed to establish a beneficent and just government, but the people asked for revenge. Paine was filled with a real love for mankind. His philanthropy was boundless. He wished to destroy monarchy—not the monarch. He voted for the destruction of tyranny, and against the death of the tyrant. He wished to establish a government on a new basis—one that would forget the past; one that would give privileges to none, and protection to all.

In the assembly, where all were demanding the execution of the king,

—where to differ with the majority was to be suspected, and where to be suspected was almost certain death—Thomas Paine had the courage, the goodness, and the justice to vote against death. To vote against the execution of the king was a vote against his own life. This was the sublimity of devotion to principle. For this he was arrested, imprisoned, and doomed to death. There is not a theologian who has ever maligned Thomas Paine that has the courage to do this thing. When Louis Capet was on trial for his life before the French convention, Thomas Paine had the courage to speak and vote against the sentence of death. In his speech I find the following splendid sentiments:

My contempt and hatred for monarchical governments are sufficiently well known, and my compassion for the unfortunate, friends or enemies, is equally profound.

I have voted to put Louis Capet upon trial, because it was necessary to prove to the world the perfidy, the corruption, and the horror of the monarchical system.

To follow the trade of a king destroys all morality, just as the trade of a jailer deadens all sensibility.

Make a man a king to-day and to-morrow he will be a brigand.

Had Louis Capet been a farmer, he might have been held in esteem by his neighbors, and his wickedness results from his position rather than from his nature.

Let the French nation purge its territory of kings without soiling itself with their impure blood.

Let the United States be the asylum of Louis Capet, where, in spite of the overshadowing miseries and crimes of a royal life, he will learn by the continual contemplation of the general prosperity that the true system of government is not that of kings, but of the people.

I am an enemy of kings, but I can not forget that they belong to the human race.

It is always delightful to pursue that course where policy and humanity are united.

As France has been the first of all the nations of Europe to destroy royalty, let it be the first to abolish the penalty of death.

As a true republican, I consider kings as more the objects of contempt than of vengeance.

Search the records of the world and you will find but few sublimer acts than that of Thomas Paine voting against the king's death. He, the hater of despotism, the abhorrer of monarchy, the champion of the rights of man, the republican, accepting death to save the life of a deposed tyrant—of a throneless king! This was the last grand act of his political life—the sublime conclusion of his political career.

All his life he had been the disinterested friend of man. He had labored not for money, not for fame, but for the general good. He had aspired to no office. He had no recognition of his services, but had ever been content to labor as a common soldier in the army of progress, con-

fining his efforts to no country, looking upon the world as his field of action. Filled with a genuine love for the right, he found himself imprisoned by the very people he had striven to save.

Had his enemies succeeded in bringing him to the block, he would have escaped the calumnies and the hatred of the Christian world. And let me tell you how near they came getting him to the block. He was in prison; there was a door to his cell—it had two doors, a door that opened in and an iron door that opened out. It was a dark passage, and whenever they concluded to cut a man's head off the next day, an agent went along and made a chalk-mark upon the door where the poor prisoner was bound. Mr. Barlow, the American minister, happened to be with him and the outer door was shut, that is, open against the wall, and the inner door was shut, and when the man came along whose business it was to mark the door for death, he marked this door where Thomas Paine was, but he marked the door that was against the wall, so when it was shut the mark was inside, and the messenger of death passed by on the next day. If that had happened in favor of some Methodist preacher, they would have clearly seen, not simply the hand of God, but both hands. In this country, at least, he would have ranked with the proudest names. On the anniversary of the Declaration, his name would have been upon the lips of all orators, and his memory in the hearts of all the people.

Thomas Paine had not finished his career. He had spent his life thus far in destroying the power of kings, and now turned his attention to the priests. He knew that every abuse had been embalmed in scripture —that every outrage was in partnership with some holy text. He knew that the throne skulked behind the altar, and both behind a pretended revelation of God. By this time he had found that it was of little use to free the body and leave the mind in chains. He had explored the foundations of despotism, and had found them infinitely rotten. He had dug under the throne, and it occurred to him that he would take a look behind the altar.

The result of this investigation was given to the world in the "Age of Reason." From the moment of its publication he became infamous. He was calumniated beyond measure. To slander him was to secure the thanks of the church. All his services were instantly forgotten, disparaged, or denied. He was shunned as though he had been a pestilence. Most of his old friends forsook him. He was regarded as a moral plague, and at the bare mention of his name the bloody hands of the church were raised in horror. He was denounced as the most despicable of men.

Not content with following him to his grave, they pursued him after death with redoubled fury, and recounted with infinite gusto and satisfaction the supposed horrors of his death-bed; gloried in the fact that he was forlorn and friendless, and gloated like fiends over what they supposed to be the agonizing remorse of his lonely death.

It is wonderful that all his services are thus forgotten. It is amazing that one kind word did not fall from some pulpit; that some one did not accord to him, at least—honesty. Strange that in the general denunciation some one did not remember his labor for liberty, his devotion to principle, his zeal for the rights of his fellow-men. He had, by brave and splendid effort, associated his name with the cause of progress. He had made it impossible to write the history of political freedom with his name left out. He was one of the creators of light; one of the heralds of the dawn. He hated tyranny in the name of kings, and in the name of God, with every drop of his noble blood. He believed in liberty and justice, and in the sacred doctrine of human equality. Under these divine banners he fought the battle of his life. In both worlds he offered his blood for the good of man. In the wilderness of America, in the French assembly, in the sombre cell waiting for death, he was the same unflinching, unwavering friend of his race; the same undaunted champion of universal freedom. And for this he has been hated; for this the church has violated even his grave.

This is enough to make one believe that nothing is more natural than for men to devour their benefactors. The people in all ages have crucified and glorified. Whoever lifts his voice against abuses, whoever arraigns the past at the bar of the present, whoever asks the king to show his commission, or question the authority of the priest, will be denounced as the enemy of man and God. In all ages reason has been regarded as the enemy of religion. Nothing has been considered so pleasing to the Deity as a total denial of the authority of your own mind. Self-reliance has been thought deadly sin; and the idea of living and dying without the aid and consolation of superstition has always horrified the church. By some unaccountable infatuation, belief has been and still is considered of immense importance. All religions have been based upon the idea that God will forever reward the true believer, and eternally damn the man wao doubts or denies. Belief is regarded as the one essential thing. To practice justice, to love mercy, is not enough; you must believe in some incomprehensible creed. You must say: "Once one is three, and three times one is one." The man who practiced every virtue, but failed to believe, was execrated. Nothing so outrages the feelings of the church as a moral unbeliever, nothing so horrible as a charitable atheist.

When Paine was born the world was religious, the pulpit was the real throne, and the churches were making every effort to crush out of the brain the idea that it had the right to think. He again made up his mind to sacrifice himself. He commenced with the assertion, "That any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child can not be a true system." What a beautiful, what a tender sentiment! No wonder the church began to hate him. He believed in one God, and no more. After this life he hoped for happiness. He believed that true religion consisted in doing justice, loving mercy; in endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy, and in offering to God the fruit of the heart. He denied the inspiration of the scriptures. This was his crime.

He contended that it is a contradiction in terms to call anything a revelation that comes to us at second-hand, either verbally or in writing. He asserted that revelation is necessarily limited to the first communication, and that after that it is only an account of something which another person says was a revelation to him. We have only his word for it, as it was never made to us. This argument never had been, and probably never will be answered. He denied the divine origin of Christ, and showed conclusively that the pretended prophecies of the Old Testament had no reference to Him whatever. And yet he believed that Christ was a virtuous and amiable man; that the morality He taught and practiced was of the most benevolent and elevated character, and that it had not been exceeded by any. Upon this point he entertained the same sentiments now held by the Unitarians, and in fact by all the most enlightened Christians.

In his time the church believed and taught that every word in the Bible was absolutely true. Since his day it has been proven false in its cosmogony, false in its astronomy, false in its chronology and geology, false in its history, and so far as the Old Testament is concerned, false in almost everything. There are but few, if any, scientific men, who apprehend that the Bible is literally true. Who on earth at this day would pretend to settle any scientific question by a text from the Bible? The old belief is confined to the ignorant and zealous. The church itself will before long be driven to occupy the position of Thomas Paine. The best minds of the orthodox world, to-day, are endeavoring to prove the existence of a personal deity. All other questions occupy a minor place. You are no longer asked to swallow the Bible whole, Whale, Jonah and all; you are simply required to believe in God and pay your pew-rent.

There is not now an enlightened minister in the world who will seriously contend that Sampson's strength was in his hair, or that the

necromancers of Egypt could turn water into blood, and pieces of wood into serpents. These follies have passed away, and the only reason that the religious world can now have for disliking Paine, is that they have been forced to adopt so many of his opinions.

Paine thought the barbarities of the Old Testament inconsistent with what he deemed the real character of God. He believed the murder, massacre, and indiscriminate slaughter had never been commanded by the Deity. He regarded much of the Bible as childish, unimportant and foolish. The scientific world entertains the same opinion. Paine attacked the Bible precisely in the same spirit in which he had attacked the pretensions of the kings. He used the same weapons. All the pomp in the world could not make him cower. His reason knew no "Holy of Holies," except the abode of truth. The sciences were then in their infancy. The attention of the really learned had not been directed to an impartial examination of our pretended revelation. It was accepted by most as a matter of course.

The church was all-powerful, and no one else, unless thoroughly imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, thought for a moment of disputing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The infamous doctrine that salvation depends upon belief, upon a mere intellectual conviction, was then believed and preached. To doubt was to secure the damnation of your soul. This absurd and devilish doctrine shocked the common sense of Thomas Paine, and he denounced it with the fervor of honest indignation. This doctrine, although infinitely ridiculous, has been nearly universal, and has been as hurtful as senseless. For the overthrow of this infamous tenet, Paine exerted all his strength. He left few arguments to be used by those who should come after him, and he used none that have been refuted.

The combined wisdom and genius of all mankind can not possibly conceive of an argument against liberty of thought. Neither can they show why anyone should be punished, either in this world or another, for acting honestly in accordance with reason; and yet a doctrine with every possible argument against it has been, and still is, believed and defended by the entire orthodox world. Can it be possible that we have been endowed with reason simply that our souls may be caught in its toils and snares, that we may be led by its false and delusive glare out of the narrow path that leads to joy into the broad way of everlasting death? Is it possible that we have been given reason simply that we may through faith ignore its deductions and avoid its conclusions? Ought the sailor to throw away his compass and depend entirely upon the fog? If reason is not to be depended upon in matters of religion, that is to say, in re-

spect to our duties to the Deity, why should it be relied upon in matters respecting the rights of our fellows? Why should we throw away the law given to Moses by God Himself, and have the audacity to make some of our own? How dare we drown the thunders of Sinai by calling the ayes and noes in a petty legislature? If reason can determine what is merciful, what is just, the duties of man to man, what more do we want either in time or eternity?

Down, forever down, with any religion that requires upon its ignorant altar its sacrifice of the goddess Reason; that compels her to abdicate forever the shining throne of the soul, strips from her form the imperial purple, snatches from her hand the sceptre of thought, and makes her the bond-woman of a senseless faith.

If a man should tell you he had the most beautiful painting in the world, and after taking you where it was should insist upon having your eyes shut, you would likely suspect either that he had no painting or that it was some pitiful daub. Should he tell you that he was a most excellent performer on the violin, and yet refused to play unless your ears were stopped, you would think, to say the least of it, that he had an odd way of convincing you of his musical ability. But would this conduct be any more wonderful than that of a religionist who asks that before examining his creed you will have the kindness to throw away your reason? The first gentleman says: "Keep your eyes shut; my picture will bear everything but being seen." "Keep your ears stopped; my music objects to nothing but being heard." The last says: "Away with your reason; my religion dreads nothing but being understood."

So far as I am concerned, I most cheerfully admit that most Christians are honest and most ministers sincere. We do not attack them; we attack their creed. We accord to them the same rights that we ask for ourselves. We believe that their doctrines are hurtful, and I am going to do what I can against them. We believe that the frightful text, "He that believes shall be saved, and he that beleiveth not shall be dammed" has covered the earth with blood. You might as well say all that have red hair shall be damned. It has filled the heart with arrogance, cruelty, and murder. It has caused the religious wars; bound hundreds of thousands to the stake; founded inquisitions; filled dungeons; invented instruments of torture; taught the mother to hate her child; imprisoned the mind; filled the world with ignorance; persecuted the lovers of wisdom; built the monasteries and convents; made happiness a crime, investigation a sin, and self-reliance a blasphemy. It has poisoned the springs of learning; misdirected the energies of the world; filled all countries with want; housed the people in hovels; fed

them with famine; and but for the efforts of a few brave infidels, it would have taken the world back to the midnight of barbarism, and left the heavens without a star.

The maligners of Paine say that he had no right to attack this doctrine, because he was unacquainted with the dead languages, and, for this reason, it was a piece of pure impudence to investigate the scriptures

Is it necessary to understand Hebrew in order to know that cruelty is not a virtue, that murder is inconsistent with infinite goodness, and that eternal punishment can be inflicted upon man only by an eternal fiend? Is it really essential to conjugate the Greek verbs before you can make up your mind as to the probability of dead people getting out of their graves? Must one be versed in Latin before he is entitled to express his opinion as the genuineness of a pretended revelation from God? Common sense belongs exclusively to no tongue. Logic is not confirmed to, nor has it been buried with, the dead languages. Paine attacked the Bible as it is translated. If the translation is wrong, let its defenders correct it.

The Christianity of Paine's day is not the Christianity of our time. There has been a great improvement since then. It is better now because there is less of it. One hundred and fifty years ago the foremost preachers of our time—that gentleman who preaches in this magnificent hall—would have perished at the stake. Lord, Lord, how John Calvin would have liked to have roasted this man, and the perfume of his burning flesh would have filled heaven with joy. A Universalist would have been torn to pieces in England, Scotland, and America. Unitarians would have found themselves in the stocks, pelted by the rabble with dead cats, after which their ears would have been cut off, their tongues bored, and their foreheads branded. Less than one hundred and fifty years ago the following law was in force in Maryland:

Be it enacted by the right honorable, the lord proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his lordship's governor, and the upper and lower houses of the assembly, and the authority of the same:

That if any person shall hereafter, within this province, willingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to be the Son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, or the God-head of any of the three persons, or the unity of the God-head, or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity, or the persons thereof, and shall therefor be convicted by verdict, shall, for the first offense, be bored through the tongue, and fined £20, to be levied on his body. As for the second offense, the offender shall be stigmatized by burning in the forehead the letter B, and fined £40. And that for the third offense, the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy.

The strange thing about this law is, that it has never been respected, and was in force in the District of Columbia up to 1875. Laws like this were in force in most of the colonies and in all countries where the church had power.

In the Old Testament the death penalty was attached to hundreds of offenses. It has been the same in all Christian countries. To-day, in civilized governments, the death penalty is attached only to murder and treason; and in some it has been entirely abolished. What a commentary upon the divine systems of the world!

In the day of Thomas Paine the church was ignorant, bloody, and relentless. In Scotland the "kirk" was at the summit of its power. It was a full sister of the Spanish inquisition. It waged war upon human nature. It was the enemy of happiness, the hater of joy, and the despiser of liberty. It taught parents to murder their children rather than to allow them to propagate error. If the mother held opinions of which the infamous "kirk" disapproved, her children were taken from her arms, her babe from her very bosom, and she was not allowed to see them, or write them a word. It would not allow shipwrecked sailors to be rescued from drowning on Sunday.

Oh, you have no idea what a muss it kicks up in heaven to have anybody swim on Sunday. It fills all the wheeling worlds with sadness to see a boy in a boat, and the attention of the recording secretary is called to it. In a voice of thunder they say, "Upset him!" It sought to annihilate pleasure, to pollute the heart by filling it with religious cruelty and gloom, and to change mankind into a vast horde of pious, heartless fiends. One of the most famous Scotch divines said: "The kirk holds that religious toleration is not far from blasphemy." And this same Scotch kirk denounced, beyond measure, the man who had the moral grandeur to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." And this same kirk abhorred the man who said, "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child can not be a true system."

At that time nothing so delighted the church as the beauties of endless torment, and listening to the weak wailing of damned infants struggling in the slimy coils and poison folds of the worm that never dies.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century a boy by the name of Thomas Aikenhead was indicted and tried at Edinburgh for having denied the inspiration of the scriptures, and for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished himself in hell that he might get warm. Notwithstanding the poor boy recanted and begged for mercy, he was found guilty and hanged. His body was thrown in a hole at the foot of the scaffold and covered with stones, and though his mother came with her

face covered with tears, begging for the corpse, she was denied and driven away in the name of charity. That is religion, and in the velvet of their politeness there lurks the claws of a tiger. Just give them the power and see how quick I would leave this part of the country. They know I am going to be burned forever; they know I am going to hell, but that don't satisfy them. They want to give me a little foretaste here.

Prosecutions and executions like these were common in every Christian country, and all of them based upon the belief that an intellectual conviction is a crime. No wonder the church hated and traduced the author of the "Age of Reason." England was filled with Puritan gloom and Episcopal ceremony. The ideas of crazy fanatics and extravagant poets were taken as sober facts. Milton had clothed Christianity in the soiled and faded finery of the gods—had added to the story of Christ the fables of mythology. He gave to the Protestant church the most outrageously material ideas of the Deity. He turned all the angels into soldiers—made heaven a battle-field, put Christ in uniform, and described God as a militia-general. His works were considered by the Protestants nearly as sacred as the Bible itself, and the imagination of the people was thoroughly polluted by the horrible imagery, the sublime absurdity of the blind Milton.

Heaven and hell were realities—the judgment-day was expected—books of accounts would be opened. Every man would bear the charges against him read. God was supposed to sit upon a golden throne, surrounded by the tallest angels, with harps in their hands and crowns on their heads. The goats would be thrust into eternal fire on the left, while the orthodox sheep, on the right, were to gambol on sunny slopes forever and ever. So all the priests were willing to save the sheep for half the wool.

The nation was profundly ignorant, and consequently extremely religious, so far as belief was concerned.

In Europe liberty was lying chained up in the inquisition, her white bosom stained with blood. In the new world the Puritans had been hanging and burning in the name of God, and selling white Quaker children into slavery in the name of Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Under such conditions progress was impossible. Some one had to lead the way. The church is, and always has been, incapable of a forward movement. Religion always looks back. The church has already reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to exile.

Some one, not connected with the church, had to attack the monster

that was eating out the heart of the world. Some one had to sacrifice himself for the good of all. The people were in the most abject slavery; their manhood had been taken from them by pomp, by pageantry, and power.

Progress is born of doubt and inquiry. The church never doubts—never inquires. To doubt is heresy—to inquire is to admit that you do not know—the church does neither.

More than a century ago Catholicism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and sceptres, honors and gold, the keys of heaven and hell, tramping beneath her feet the liberties of nations, in the proud movement of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly dagger of Voltaire. From that blow the church can never recover. Livid with hatred she launched her eternal anathema at the great destroyer, and ignorant Protestants have echoed the curse of Rome.

In our country the church was all-powerful, and, although divided into many sects, would instantly unite to repel a common foe. Paine did for Protestantism what Voltaire did for Catholicism. Paine struck the first blow.

The "Age of Reason" did more to undermine the power of the Protestant church than all other books then known. It furnished an immense amount of food for thought. It was written for the average mind, and is a straightforward, honest investigation of the Bible, and of the Christian system.

Paine did not falter, from the first page to the last. He gives you his candid thought, and candid thoughts are always valuable.

The "Age of Reason" has liberalized us all. It put arguments in the mouths of the people; it put the church on the defensive, it enabled somebody in every village to corner the parson; it made the world wiser, and the church better; it took power from the pulpit and divided it among the pews.

Just in proportion that the human race has advanced, the church has lost its power. There is no exception to this rule. No nation ever materially advanced that held strictly to the religion of its founders. No nation ever gave itself wholly to the control of the church without losing its power, its honor, and existence.

Every church pretends to have found the exact truth. This is the end of progress. Why pursue that which you have? Why investigate when you know.

Every creed is a rock in running water; humanity sweeps by it. Every creed cries to the universe, "Halt!" A creed is the ignorant past bullying the enlightened present.

The ignorant are not satisfied with what can be demonstrated. Science is too slow for them, and so they invent creeds. They demand completeness. A sublime segment, a grand fragment, are of no value to them. They demand the complete circle—the entire structure.

In music they want a melody with a recurring accent at measured periods. In religion they insist upon immediate answers to the questions of creation and destiny. The alpha and omega of all things must be in the alphabet of their superstition. A religion that can not answer every question, and guess every conundrum, is, in their estimation, worse than worthless. They desire a kind of theological dictionary—a religious ready reckoner, together with guide-boards at all crossings and turns. They mistake impudence for authority, solemnity for wisdom, and pathos for inspiration. The beginning and the end are what they demand. The grand flight of the eagle is nothing to them. They want the nest in which he was hatched, and especially the dry limb upon which he roosts. Anything that can be learned is hardly worth knowing. The present is considered of no value in itself. Happiness must not be expected this side of the clouds, and can only be attained by self-denial and faith; not self-denial for the good of others, but for the salvation of your own sweet self.

Paine denied the authority of Bibles and creeds; this was his crime, and for this the world shut the door in his face and emptied its slops upon him from the windows.

I challenge the world to show that Thomas Paine ever wrote one line, one word in favor of tyranny—in favor of immorality; one line, one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word against justice, charity, or liberty, and yet he has been pursued as though he had been a fiend from hell. His memory has been execrated as though he had murdered some Uriah for his wife; driven some Hagar into the desert to starve with his child upon her bosom; defiled his own daughters; ripped open with the sword the sweet bodies of loving and innocent women; advised one brother to assassinate another; kept a harem with seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, or had persecuted Christians even unto strange cities.

The church has pursued Paine to deter others. The church used painting, music, and architecture simply to degrade mankind. But there are men that nothing can awe. There have been at all times brave spirits that dared even the gods. Some proud head has always been above the waves. Old Diogenes, with his mantle upon him, stiff and trembling with age, caught a small animal bred upon people, went into

the Pantheon, the temple of the gods, and took the animal upon his thumb nail, and, pressing it with the other, "he sacrificed Diogenes to all the gods." Just as good as anything! In every age some Diogenes has sacrificed to all the gods. True genius never cowers, and there is always some Samson feeling for the pillars of authority.

Cathedrals and domes, and chimes and chants, temples frescoed and groined and carved, and gilded with gold, altars and tapers, and paintings of virgin and babe, censer and chalice, chasuble, paten and alb, organs, and anthems and incense rising to the winged and blest, maniple, amice and stole, crosses and crosiers, tiaras, and crowns, mitres and missals and masses, rosaries, relics and robes, martyrs and saints, and windows stained as with the blood of Christ, never, never for one moment awed the brave, proud spirit of the infidel. He knew that all the pomp and glitter had been purchased with liberty, that priceless jewel of the soul. In looking at the cathedral he remembered the dungeon. The music of the organ was not loud enough to drown the clank of fetters. He could not forget that the taper had lighted the fagot. He knew that the cross adorned the hilt of the sword, and so where others worshiped, he wept and scorned. He knew that across the open Bible lay the sword of war, and so where others worshiped he looked with scorn and wept. And so it has been through all the ages gone.

The doubter, the investigator, the infidel, have been the saviors of liberty. The truth is beginning te be realized, and the truly intellectual are honoring the brave thinkers of the past. But the church is as unforgiving as ever, and still wonders why any infidel should be wicked enough to attempt to destroy her power. I will tell the church why I hate it.

You have imprisoned the human mind; you have been the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake, roasted us before slow fires, torn our flesh with irons; you have covered us with chains, treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have confiscated our property; you have denied us the rights to testify in courts of justice; you have branded us with infamy; you have torn out our tongues; you have refused us burial. In the name of your religion you have robbed us of every right; and after having inflicted upon us every evil that can be inflicted in this world, you have fallen upon your knees, and with clasped hands implored your God to finish the holy work in hell.

Can you wonder that we hate your doctrines; that we despise your creeds; that we feel proud to know that we are beyond your power; that we are free in spite of you; that we can express our honest thought,

and that the whole world is gradually rising into the blessed light? Can you wonder that we point with pride to the fact that infidelity has ever been found battling for the rights of man, for the liberty of conscience, and for the happiness of all? Can you wonder that we are proud to know that we have always been disciples of reason and soldiers of freedom; that we have denounced tyranny and superstition, and have kept our hands unstained with human blood?

I deny that religion is the end or object of this life. When it is so considered it becomes destructive of happiness. The real end of life is happiness. It becomes a hydra-headed monster, reaching in terrible coils from the heavens, and thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men. It devours their substance, builds palaces for God (who dwells not in temples made with hands), and allows His children to die in huts and hovels. It fills the earth with mourning, heaven with hatred, the present with fear, and all the future with fire and despair. Virtue is a subordination of the passion of the intellect. It is to act in accordance with your highest convictions. It does not consist in believing, but in doing. This is the sublime truth that the infidels in all ages have uttered. They have handed the torch from one to the other through all the years that have fled. Upon the altar of reason they have kept the sacred fire, and through the long midnight of faith they fed the divine flame. Infidelity is liberty; all superstition is slavery. In every creed man is the slave of God, woman is the slave of man, and the sweet children are the slaves of all. We do not want creeds; we want some knowledge. We want happiness. And yet we are told by the church that we have accomplished nothing; that we are simply destroyers; that we tear down without building again.

Is it nothing to free the mind? Is it nothing to civilize mankind? Is it nothing to fill the world with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to dignify man and exalt the intellect? Is it nothing to grope your way into the dreary prisons, the damp and dropping dungeons, the dark and silent cells of superstition, where the souls of men are chained to floors of stone; to greet them like a ray of light, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a stream, to see the dull eyes open and grow slowly bright; to feel yourself grasped by the shrunken and unused hands, and hear yourself thanked by a strange and hollow voice? Is it nothing to conduct these souls gradually into the blessed light of day—to let them see again the happy fields, the sweet, green earth, and hear the everlasting music of the waves? Is it nothing to make men wipe the dust from their swollen knees, the tears from their blanched and furrowed cheeks? Is it a small thing to reave the heavens of an insatiate monster and write

upon the eternal dome, glittering with stars, the grand word liberty? Is it a small thing to quench the thirst of hell with the holy tears of piety, break all the chains, put out the fires of civil war, stay the sword of the fanatic, and tear the bloody hands of the church from the white throat of progress? Is it a small thing to make men truly free, to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice, and power, the poisoned fables of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of the earth the fiend of fear?

It does seem as though the most zealous Christians must at times entertain some doubt as to the divine origin of his religion. For eighteen hundred years the doctrine has been preached. For more than a thousand years the church had, to a great extent, the control of the civilized world, and what has been the result? Are the Christian nations patterns of charity and forbearance? On the contrary, their principal business is to destroy each other. More than five millions of Christians are trained and educated and drilled to murder their fellow-Christians. Every nation is groaning under a vast debt incurred in carrying on war against other Christians, or defending itself from Christian assault. The world is covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians, and every sea is covered with iron monsters ready to blow Christian brains into eternal froth. Millions upon millions are annually expended in the effort to construct still more deadly and terrible engines of death. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian murder. There must be some other way to reform this world. We have tried creed and dogma and fable, and they have failed—and they have failed in all the nations dead.

Nothing but education—scientific education—can benefit mankind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them. We need free bodies and free minds, free labor and free thought, chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth. We need men with moral courage to speak and write their real thoughts, and to stand by their convictions, even to the very death. We need have no fear of being too radical. The future will verify all grand and brave predictions. Paine was splendidly in advance of his time, but he was orthodox compared to the infidels of to-day.

Science, the great iconoclast, has been very busy since 1809, and by the highway of progress are the broken images of the past. On every hand the people advance. The vicar of God has been pushed from the throne of the Cæsars, and upon the roofs of the Eternal city falls once more the shadow of the eagle. All has been accomplished by the heroic few. The men of science have explored heaven and earth, and with in-

finite patience have furnished the facts. The brave thinkers have aided them. The gloomy caverns of superstition have been transformed into temples of thought, and the demons of the past are the angels of to-day.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the gods their thunderbolts; and now, the electric spark freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created a giant that turns with tireless arm the countless wheels of toil.

Thomas Paine was one of the intellectual heroes, one of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the great republic. He lived a long, laborious, and useful life. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. He ate the bitter bread of neglect and sorrow. His friends were untrue to him because he was true to himself and true to them. He lost the respect of what is called society, but kept his own. His life is what the world calls failure, and what history calls success.

If to love your fellow-men more than self is goodness, Thomas Paine was good. If to be in advance of your time, to be a pioneer in the direction of right, is greatness, Thomas Paine was great. If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroic, Thomas Paine was a hero.

At the age of 73, death touched his tired heart. He died in the land his genius defended, under the flag he gave to the skies. Slander can not touch him now; hatred can not reach him more. He sleeps in the sanctuary of the tomb, beneath the quiet of the stars. A few more years, a few more brave men, a few more rays of light, and mankind will venerate the memory of him who said:

Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child can not be a true system. The world is my country, and to do good my religion.

The next question is: Did Thomas Paine recant? Mr. Paine had prophesied that fanatics would crawl and cringe around him during his last moments. He believed that they would put a lie in the mouth of death. When the shadow of the coming dissolution was upon him, two clergymen, Messrs. Milledollar and Cunningham, called to annoy the dying man. Mr. Cunningham had the politeness to say: "You have now a full view of death; you can not live long; whoever does not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, will assuredly be damned." Mr. Paine replied: "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Get away with you. Good

THOMAS PAINE.

morning." On another occasion a Methodist minister obtruded himself. Mr. Willet Hicks was present. The minister declared to Mr. Paine that "unless he repented of his unbelief he would be damned." Paine, although at the door of death, rose in his bed and indignantly requested the clergyman to leave the room. On another occasion, two brothers by the name of Pigott sought to convert him. He was displeased, and requested their departure. Afterward, Thomas Nixon and Capt. Daniel Pelton visited him for the express purpose of ascertaining whether he had, in any manner, changed his religious opinions. They were assured by the dying man that he still held the principles he had expressed in his writings.

Afterward, these gentlemen, hearing that William Cobbet was about to write a life of Paine, sent him the following note: I must tell you now that it is of great importance to find out whether Paine recanted. If he recanted, then the Bible is true—you can rest assured that a spring of water gushed out of a dead dry bone. If Paine recanted, there is not the slightest doubt about that donkey making that speech to Mr. Baalam —not the slightest—and if Paine did not recant, then the whole thing is a mistake. I want to show that Thomas Paine died as he has lived, a friend of man and without superstition, and if you will stay here I will do it.

NEW YORK, April 24, 1818.—SIR: Having been informed that you have a design to write a history of the life and writings of Thomas Paine, if you have been furnished with materials in respect to his religious opinions, or rather of his recantation of his former opinions before his death, all you have heard of his recanting is false. Being aware that such reports would be raised after his death by fanatics who infested his house at the time it was expected he would die, we, the subscribers, intimate acquaintances of Thomas Paine since the year 1776, went to his house. He was sitting up in a chair, and apparently in full vigor and use of all his mental faculties We interrogated him upon his religious opinions, and if he had changed his mind, or repented of anything he had said or wrote on that subject. He answered, "Not at all," and appeared rather offended at our supposition that any change should take place in his mind. We took down in writing the questions put to him and his answers thereto, before a number of persons then in his room, among whom were his doctor, Mrs. Bonneville, etc. This paper is mislaid and can not be found at present, but the above is the substance, which can be attested by many living witnesses. THOMAS NIXON,
DANIEL PELTON.

Mr. Jarvis, the artist, saw Mr. Paine one or two days before his death. To Mr. Jarvis he expressed his belief in his written opinions upon the subject of religion. B. F. Haskin, an attorney of the City of New York, also visited him, and inquired as to his religious opinions. Paine was then upon the threshold of death, but he did not tremble, he was not a

coward. He expressed his firm and unshaken belief in the religious ideas he had given to the world.

Dr. Manly was with him when he spoke his last words. Dr. Manly asked the dying man, and Dr. Manly was a Christian, if he did not wish to believe that Jesus was the Son of God, and the dying philosopher answered: "I have no wish to believe on that subject." Amasa Woodsworth sat up with Thomas Paine the night before his death. In 1839 Gilbert Vale, hearing that Woodsworth was living in or near Boston, visited him for the purpose of getting his statement, and the statement was published in *The Beacon* of June 5, 1839, and here it is:

We have just returned from Boston. One object of our visit to that city was to see Mr. Amasa Woodsworth, an engineer, now retired in a handsome cottage and garden at East Cambridge, Boston. This gentleman owned the house occupied by Paine at his death, while he lived next door. As an act of kindness, Mr. Woodsworth visited Mr. Paine every day for six weeks before his death. He frequently sat up with him, and did so on the last two nights of his life. He was always there with Dr. Manly, the physician, and assisted in removing Mr. Paine while his bed was prepared. He was present when Dr. Manly asked Mr. Paine if he wished to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. He says that lying on his back he used some action and with much emphasis replied: "I have no wish to believe on that subject." He lived some time after this, but was not known to speak, for he died tranquilly. He accounts for the insinuating style of Dr. Manly's letter by stating that that gentleman, just after its publication, joined a church. He informs us that he has openly proved the doctor for the falsity contained in the spirit of that letter, boldly declaring before Dr. Manly, who is still living, that nothing which he saw justified the insinuations. Mr. Woodsworth assures us that he neither heard nor saw anything to justify the belief of any mental change in the opinions of Mr. Paine previous to his death; but that being very ill and in pain, chiefly arising from the skin being removed in some parts by long lying, he was generally too uneasy to enjoy conversation on abstract subjects. This, then, is the best evidence that can be procured on this subject, and we publish it while the contravening parties are yet alive, and with the authority of Mr. Woodsworth.

GILBERT VALE.

A few weeks ago I received the following letter, which confirms the statement of Mr. Vale:

NEAR STOCKTON, Cal., GREENWOOD COTTAGE, July 9, 1877.—COL. INGERSOLL: In 1842 I talked with a gentleman in Boston. I have forgotten his name; but he was then an engineer of the Charleston navy yard. I am thus particular so that you can find his name on the books. He told me that he nursed Thomas Paine in his last illness and closed his eyes when dead. I asked him if he recanted and called upon God to save him. He replied: "No; he died as he had taught. He had a sore upon his side, and when we turned him it was very painful, and he would cry out, 'O God!' or something like that." "But," said the narrator, "that was nothing, for he believed in a God." I told him that I had often heard it asserted from the pulpit that Mr. Paine had

recanted in his last moment. The gentleman said that it was not true, and he appeared to be an intelligent, truthful man. With respect, I remain, etc., PHILIP GRAVES, M. D.

The next witness is Willet Hicks, a Quaker preacher. He says that during the last illness of Mr. Paine he visited him almost daily, and that Paine died firmly convinced of the truth of the religious opinions that he had given to his fellow-men. It was to this same Willet Hicks that Paine applied for permission to be buried in the cemetery of the Quakers. Permission was refused. This refusal settles the question of recantation. If he had recanted, of course there would have been no objection to his body being buried by the side of the best hypocrites in the earth. If Paine recanted, why should he be denied "a little earth for charity?" Had he recanted, it would have been regarded as a vast and splendid triumph for the gospel. It would, with much noise and pomp and ostentation, have been heralded about the world.

Here is another letter:

PEORIA, Ill., Oct. 8, 1877.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.—*Esteemed Friend:* My parents were Friends (Quakers). My father died when I was very young. The elderly and middle-aged Friends visited at my mother's house. We lived in the City of New York. Among the number I distinctly remember Elias Hicks, Willet Hicks, and a Mr. —— Day, who was a bookseller in Pearl St. There were many others whose names I do not now remember. The subject of the recantation of Thomas Paine of his views about the Bible in his last illness, or any other time, was discussed by them in my presence at different times. I learned from them that some of them had attended upon Thomas Paine in his last sickness, and ministered to his wants up to the time of his death. And upon the question of whether he did recant there was but one expression. They all said that he did not recant in any manner. I often heard them say they wished he had recanted. In fact, according to them, the nearer he approached death the more positive he appeared to be in his convictions. These conversations were from 1820 to 1822. I was at that time from ten to twelve years old, but these conversations impressed themselves upon me because many thoughtless people then blamed the society of Friends for their kindness to that "arch-infidel," Thomas Paine. Truly yours, A. C. HANKENSON.

A few days ago I received the following:

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1877.—DEAR SIR: it is over twenty years ago that, professionally, I made the acquaintance of John Hogeboom, a justice of the peace of the County Rensselaer, New York. He was then over seventy years of age, and had the reputation of being a man of candor and integrity. He was a great admirer of Paine. He told me he was personally acquainted with him, and used to see him frequently during the last years of his life in the City of New York, where Hogeboom then resided. I asked him if there was any truth in the charge that Paine was in the habit of getting drunk. He said that it was utterly false; that he never heard of such a thing during the lifetime of Mr. Paine, and did not believe anyone else did. I asked him

about the recantation of his religious opinions on his deathbed, and the revolting deathbed scenes that the world heard so much about. He said there was no truth in them; that he had received his information from persons who attended Paine in his last illness, and that he passed peacefully, as we may say, in the sunshine of a great soul. Yours truly, W. J. HILTON.

The witnesses by whom I substantiate the fact that Thomas Paine did not recant, and that he died holding the religious opinions he had published are:

1. Thomas Nixon, Capt. Daniel Pelton, B. F. Haskin. These gentlemen visited him during his last illness for the purpose of ascertaining whether he had, in any respect, changed his views upon religion. He told them that he had not.

2. James Cheetham. This man was the most malicious enemy Mr. Paine had, and yet he admits that "Thomas Paine died placidly, and almost without a struggle."—*Life of Thomas Paine, by James Cheetham.*

3. The ministers, Milledollar and Cunningham. These gentleman told Mr. Paine that if he died without believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, he would be damned, and Paine replied: "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Good morning."—*Sherwin's Life of Paine, page 220.*

4. Mrs. Hedden. She told these same preachers, when they attempted to obtrude themselves upon Mr. Paine again, that the attempt to convert Mr. Paine was useless; "that if God did not change his mind, no human power could."

5. Andrew A. Dean. This man lived upon Paine's farm, at New Rochelle, and corresponded with him upon religious subjects.—*Paine's Theological Works, Page 308.*

6. Mr. Jarvis, the artist with whom Paine lived. He gives an account of an old lady coming to Paine, and telling him that God Almighty had sent her to tell him that unless he repented and believed in the blessed Saviour he would be damned. Paine replied that God would not send such a foolish old waman with such an impertinent message.—*Clio Rickman's Life of Paine.*

7. William Carver, with whom Paine boarded. Mr. Carver said again and again that Paine did not recant. He knew him well, any had every opportunity of knowing.—*Life of Paine, by Vale.*

8. Dr. Manly, who attended him in his last sickness, and to whom Paine spoke his last words. Dr. Manly asked him if he did not wish to believe in Jesus Christ, and he replied: "I have no wish to believe on that subject."

9. Willet Hicks and Elias Hicks, who were with him frequently during his last sickness, and both of whom tried to persuade him to recant.

According to their testimony Mr. Paine died as he lived—a believer in God and a friend to man. Willet Hicks was offered money to say something false against Paine. He was even offered money to remain silent, and allow others to slander the dead. Mr. Hicks, speaking of Thomas Paine, said: "He was a good man. Thomas Paine was an honest man."

10. Amasa Woodsworth, who was with him every day for some six weeks immediately preceding his death, and sat up with him the last two nights of his life. This man declares that Paine did not recant, and that he died tranquilly. The evidence of Mr. Woodsworth is conclusive.

11. Thomas Paine himself. The will of Mr. Paine, written by himself, commences as follows: "The last will and testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my Creator, God, and in no other being, for I know of no other, nor believe in any other," and closes with these words: "I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind. My time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my Creator, God."

12. If Thomas Paine recanted, why do you pursue him? If he recanted he died in your belief. For what reason, then, do you denounce his death as cowardly? If upon his death-bed he renounced the opinions he had published, the business of defaming him should be done by infidels, not by Christians. I ask Christians if it is honest to throw away the testimony of his friends, the evidence of fair and honorable men, and take the putrid words of avowed and malignant enemies? When Thomas Paine was dying he was infested by fanatics, by the snaky spies of bigotry. In the shadows of death were the unclean birds of prey waiting to tear, with beak and claw, the corpse of him who wrote the "Rights of Man," and there lurking and crouching in the darkness, were the jakals and hyenas of superstition, ready to violate his grave. These birds of prey—these unclean beasts—are the witnesses produced and relied upon to malign the memory of Thomas Paine. One by one the instruments of torture have been wrenched from the cruel clutch of the church, until within the armory of orthodoxy there remains but one weapon—Slander.

Against the witnesses that I have produced there can be brought just two—Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale. The first is referred to in the memoir of Stephen Grellet. She had once been a servant in his house. Grellet tells what happened between this girl and Paine. According to this account, Paine asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told that she had read very little of them, he inquired

what she thought of them, adding that from such an one as she he expected a correct answer.

Let us examine this falsehood. Why would Paine expect a correct answer about his writings from one who read very little of them? Does not such a statement devour itself? This young lady further said that the "Age of Reason" was put in her hands, and that the more she read in it, the more dark and distressed she felt, and that she threw the book into the fire. Whereupon Mr. Paine remarked: "I wish all had done as you did, for if the devil ever had any agency in any work, he had in my writing that book."

The next is Mary Hinsdale. She was a servant in the family of Willet Hicks. The church is always proving something by a nurse. She, like Mary Roscoe, was sent to carry some delicacy to Mr. Paine. To this young lady Paine, according to his account, said precisely the same that he did to Mary Roscoe, and she said the same thing to Mr. Paine.

My own opinion is that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale are one and the same person, or the same story has been, by mistake, put in the mouths of both. It is not possible that the identical conversation should have taken place between Paine and Mary Roscoe and between him and Mary Hinsdale. Mary Hinsdale lived with Willet Hicks, and he pronounced her story a pious fraud and fabrication.

Another thing about this witness. A woman by the name of Mary Lockwood, a Hicksite Quaker, died. Mary Hinsdale met her brother about that time and told him that his sister had recanted, and wanted her to say so at her funeral. This turned out to be a lie.

It has been claimed that Mary Hinsdale made her statement to Charles Collins. Long after the alleged occurrence Gilbert Vale, one of the biographers of Paine, had a conversation with Collins concerning Mary Hinsdale. Vale asked him what he thought of her. He replied that some of the Friends believed that she used opiates, and that they did not give credit to her statements. He also said that he believed what the Friends said, but thought that when a young woman she might have told the truth.

In 1818 William Cobbett came to New York. He began collecting material for a life of Thomas Paine. In this way he became acquainted with Mary Hinsdale and Charles Collins. Mr. Cobbett gave a full account of what happened in a letter addressed to *The Norwich Mercury* in 1819. From this account it seems that Charles Collins told Cobbett that Paine had recanted. Cobbett called for the testimony, and told Mr. Collins that he must give time, place, and circumstances. He finally brought a statement that he stated had been made by Mary Hinsdale. Armed with this document, Cobbett, in October of that

year, called upon the said Mary Hinsdale, at No. 10 Anthony Street, New York, and showed her the statement. Upon being questioned by Mr. Cobbett she said that it was so long ago that she could not speak positively to any part of the matter; that she would not say that any part of the paper was true; that she had never seen the paper, and that she had never given Charles Collins authority to say anything about the matter in her name. And so in the month of October, in the year of grace 1818, in the mist of fog and forgetfulness, disappeared forever one Mary Hinsdale, the last and only witness against the intellectual honesty of Thomas Paine.

A letter was written to the editor of *The New York World* by the Rev. A. W. Cornell, in which he says:

SIR: I see by your paper that Bob Ingersoll discredits Mary Hinsdale's story of the scenes which occurred at the death bed of Thomas Paine. No one who knew that good old lady would for one moment doubt her veracity, or question her testimony. Both she and her husband were Quaker preachers, and well known and respected inhabitants of New York City.

Ingersoll is right in his conjecture that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale were the same person. Her maiden name was Roscoe and she married Henry Hinsdale. My mother was a Roscoe, a niece of Mary Roscoe, and lived with her for some time.

REV. A. W. CORNELL, Harpersville, N. Y.

The editor of the *New York Observer* took up the challenge that I had thrown down. I offered $1,000 in gold to any minister who would prove, or to any person who would prove that Thomas Paine recanted in his last hours. *The New York Observer* accepted the wager, and then told a falsehood about it. But I kept after the gentlemen until I forced them, in their paper, published on the 1st of November, 1877, to print these words:

We have never stated in any form, nor have we ever supposed, that Paine actually renounced his infidelity. The accounts agree in stating that he died a blaspheming infidel.

This, I hope, for all coming time will refute the slanders of the churches yet to be.

The next charge they make is that Thomas Paine died in destitution and want. That, of course, would show that he was wrong. They boast that the founder of their religion had not whereon to lay his head, but when they found a man who stood for the rights of man, when they say that he did, that is an evidence that this doctrine was a lie. Won't do! Did Thomas Paine die in destitution and want? The charge has been made over and over again that Thomas Paine died in want and destitution; that he was an abandoned pauper—an outcast, without friends and without money. This charge is just as false as the

rest. Upon his return to this country, in 1802, he was worth $30,000, according to his own statement, made at that time in the following letter, and addressed to Clio Rickman:

My dear friend, Mr. Monroe, who is appointed minister extraordinary to France, takes charge of this, to be delivered to Mr. Este, banker, in Paris, to be forwarded to you.

I arrived in Baltimore, 30th of October, and you can have no idea of the agitation which my arrival occasioned. From New Hampshire to Georgia (an extent of 1,500 miles), every newspaper was filled with applause or abuse.

My property in this country has been taken care of by my friends, and is now worth six thousand pounds sterling, which, put in the funds, will bring about £400 sterling a year.

Remember me in affection and friendship to your wife and family, and in the circle of your friends. THOMAS PAINE.

A man in those days worth $30,000 was not a pauper. That amount would bring an income of at least $2,000. Two thousand dollars then would be fully equal to $5,000 now. On the 12th of July, 1809, the year in which he died, Mr. Paine made his will. From this instrument we learn that he was the owner of a valuable farm within twenty miles of New York. He was also owner of thirty shares in the New York Phœnix Insurance Company, worth upward of $1,500. Besides this, some personal property and ready money. By his will he gave to Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, a brother of Robert Emmet, $200 each, and $100 to the widow of Elihu Palmer. Is it possible that this will was made by a pauper, by a destitute outcast, by a man who suffered for the ordinary necessities of life?

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that he was poor, and that he died a beggar, does that tend to show that the Bible is an inspired book, and that Calvin did not burn Servetus? Do you really regard poverty as a crime? If Paine had died a millionaire, would Christians have accepted his religious opinions? If Paine had drank nothing but cold water, would Christians have repudiated the five cardinal points of Calvinism? Does an argument depend for its force upon the pecuniary condition of the person making it? As a matter of fact, most reformers—most men and women of genius—have been acquainted with poverty. Beneath a covering of rags have been found some of the tenderest and bravest hearts.

Owing to the attitude of the churches for the last fifteen hundred years, truth telling has not been a very lucrative business. As a rule, hypocrisy has worn the robes, and honesty the rags. That day is passing away. You can not now answer a man by pointing at the holes in his coat. Thomas Paine attacked the church when it was powerful; when it had what is called honors to bestow; when it was the keeper of

the public conscience; when it was strong and cruel. The church waited till he was dead, and then attacked his reputation and his clothes. Once upon a time a donkey kicked a lion. The lion was dead. You just don't know how happy I am to-night that justice so long delayed at last is going to be done, and to see so many splendid looking people come here out of deference to the memory of Thomas Paine. I am glad to be here.

The next thing is: Did Thomas Paine live the life of a drunken beast, and did he die a drunken, cowardly, and beastly death? Well, we will see. Upon you rests the burden of substantiating these infamous charges. The Christians have, I suppose, produced the best evidence in their possession, and that evidence I will now proceed to examine. Their first witness is Grant Thorburn. He made three charges against Thomas Paine:

1. That his wife obtained a divorce from him in England for cruelty and neglect.

2. That he was a defaulter and fled from England to America.

3. That he was a drunkard.

These three charges stand upon the same evidence—the word of Grant Thorburn If they are not all true, Mr. Thorburn stands impeached.

The charge that Mrs. Paine obtained a divorce on account of the cruelty and neglect of her husband is utterly false. There is no such record in the world, and never was. Paine and his wife separated by mutual consent. Each respected the other. They remained friends. This charge is without any foundation, in fact, I challenge the Christian world to produce the record of this decree of divorce. According to Mr. Thorburn, it was granted in England. In that country public records are kept of all such decrees. I will give $1,000 if they will produce a decree, showing that it was given on account of cruelty, or admit that Mr. Thorburn was mistaken.

Thomas Paine was a just man. Although separated from his wife, he always spoke of her with tenderness and respect, and frequently sent her money without letting her know the source from whence it came. Was this the conduct of a drunken beast?

The next is that he was a defaulter, and fled from England to America. As I told you in the first place, he was an exciseman; if he was a defaulter, that fact is upon the records of Great Britain. I will give $1,000 in gold to any man who will show, by the records of England, that he was a defaulter of a single, solitary cent. Let us bring these gentlemen to Limerick.

And they charge that he was a drunkard. That is another falsehood. He drank liquor in his day, as did the preachers. It was no unusual

thing for a preacher going home to stop in a tavern and take a drink of hot rum with a deacon, and it was no unusual thing for the deacon to help the preacher home. You have no idea how they loved the sacrament in those days. They had communion pretty much all the time.

Thorburn says that in 1802 Paine was an "old remnant of mortality, drunk, bloated, and half asleep." Can anyone believe this to be a true account of the personal appearance of Mr. Paine in 1802? He had just returned from France. He had been welcomed home by Thomas Jefferson, who had said that he was entitled to the hospitality of every American.

In 1802 Mr. Paine was honored with a public dinner in the City of New York. He was called upon and treated with kindness and respect by such men as De Witt Clinton. In 1806 Mr. Paine wrote a letter to Andrew A. Dean upon the subject of religion. Read that letter and then say that the writer of it was an old remnant of mortality, drunk, bloated, and half asleep. Search the files of Christian papers, from the first issue to the last, and you will find nothing superior to this letter. In 1803 Mr. Paine wrote a letter of considerable length, and of great force, to his friend Samuel Adams. Such letters are not written by drunken beasts, nor by remnants of old mortality, nor by drunkards. It was about the same time that he wrote his "Remarks on Robert Hall's Sermons." These "Remarks" were not written by a drunken beast, but by a clear-headed and thoughtful man.

In 1804 he published an essay on the invasion of England and a treatise on gun-boats, full of valuable maritime information; in 1805 a treatise on yellow fever, suggesting modes of prevention. In short, he was an industrious and thoughtful man. He sympathized with the poor and oppressed of all lands. He looked upon monarchy as a species of physical slavery. He had the goodness to attack that form of government. He regarded the religion of his day as a kind of mental slavery. He had the courage to give his reasons for his opinion. His reasons filled the churches with hatred. Instead of answering his arguments they attacked him. Men who were not fit to blacken his shoes blackened his character. There is too much religious cant in the statement of Mr. Thorburn. He exhibits too much anxiety to tell what Grant Thorburn said to Thomas Paine. He names Thomas Jefferson as one of the disreputable men who welcomed Paine with open arms. The testimony of a man who regarded Thomas Jefferson as a disreputable person, as to the character of anybody, is utterly without value.

Now, Grant Thorburn—this gentleman who was "four feet and a half high, and who weighed ninety-eight pounds three and one-half ounces" —says that he used to sit nights at Carver's, in New York, with Thomas

Paine. Mrs. Ferguson, the daughter of William Carver, says that she knew Thorburn when she saw him, but that she never saw him in her father's house. The denial of Mrs. Ferguson enraged Thorburn, and he at once wrote a few falsehoods about her. Thereupon a suit was commenced by Mrs. Ferguson and her husband against Thorburn, the writer, and Fanshaw, the publisher, of the libel. Thorburn ran away to Connecticut. Fanshaw wrote him for evidence of what he had written. Thorburn replied that what he had written about Mrs. Ferguson could not be proved. Fanshaw then settled with the Fergusons, paying them the amount demanded.

In 1859 the Fergusons lived at No. 148 Duane Street, New York. In *The Commercial Advertiser* of New York, in 1830, appeared the written acknowledgment of this same little Grant Thorburn that he did, on the 22d of August, 1830, at half-past 6 in the morning, take four bottles of cider from the cellar of Mr. Comstock.

Mr. Comstock says that Thorburn was arrested, and that when brought before him he pleaded guilty and threw himself upon his (Comstock's) mercy.

The Philadelphia Tract Society gave Thorburn $100 to write his recollections of Thomas Paine.

Let us dispose of this four feet and a half of wretch. In October, 1877, I received the following letter frem James Parton:

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Oct 27, 1877.—MY DEAR SIR: Touching Grant Thorburn, I personally knew him to have been a liar. At the age of 92 he copied with trembling hand a piece from a newspaper and brought it to the office of *The Home Journal* as his own. It was I who received it and detected the deliberate forgery. * * JAMES PARTON.

So much for Grant Thorburn. In my judgment, the testimony of Mr. Thorburn should be thrown aside as utterly unworthy of belief.

The next witness is the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., who tells what an elder in his church said. This elder said that Paine passed his last days on his farm at New Rochelle, with a solitary female attendant. This is not true. He did not pass his last days at New Rochelle, consequently, this pious elder did not see him during his last days at that place. Upon this elder we prove an alibi. Mr. Paine passed his last days in the City of New York, in a house upon Columbia Street. The story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., is simply false.

The next competent false witness was the Rev. Charles Hawley, D. D., who proceeds to state that the story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., is corroborated by older citizens of New Rochelle. The names of these ancient residents are withheld. According to these unknown witnesses, the account given by the deceased elder was entirely correct. But as the particulars of Mr. Paine's conduct "were too loathsome to be described in print," we are left entirely in the dark as to what he really did.

While at New Rochelle, Mr. Paine lived with Mr. Purdy, Mr. Dean, with Capt. Pelton, and with Mr. Staple. It is worthy of note that all of these gentlemen give the lie direct to the statements of "older residents" and ancient citizens spoken of by the Rev. Charles Hawley, D. D., and leave him with the "loathsome particulars" existing only in his own mind.

The next gentleman brought upon the stand is W. H. Ladd, who quotes from the memoirs of Stephen Grellett. This gentleman also has the misfortune to be dead. According to his account, Mr. Paine made his recantation to a servant girl of his by the name of Mary Roscoe. Mr. Paine uttered the wish that all who read his book had burned it. I believe there is a mistake in the name of this girl. Her name was probably Mary Hinsdale, as it was once claimed that Paine made the same remark to her.

These are the witnesses of the church, and the only ones you bring forward to support your charge that Thomas Paine lived a drunken and beastly life, and died a drunken, cowardly, and beastly death. All these calumnies are found in a life of Paine by James Cheetham, the convicted libeler already referred to. Mr. Cheetham was an enemy of the man whose life he pretended to write. In order to show you the estimation in which this libeler was held by Mr. Paine, I will give you a copy of a letter that throws light upon this point:

Oct. 27, 1807.—Mr. Cheetham: Unless you make a public apology for the abuse and falsehood in your paper of Tuesday, Oct. 27, respecting me, I will prosecute you for lying. Thomas Paine.

In another letter, speaking of this same man, Mr. Paine says: "If an unprincipled bully can not be reformed, he can be punished." Cheetham has been so long in the habit of giving false information, that truth is to him like a foreign language.

Mr. Cheetham wrote the life of Mr. Paine to gratify his malice and to support religion. He was prosecuted for libel—was convicted and fined. Yet the life of Paine, written by this liar, is referred to by the Christian world as the highest authority.

As to the personal habits of Mr. Paine, we have the testimony of William Carver, with whom he lived; of Mr. Jarvis, the artist, with whom he lived; of Mr. Purdy, who was a tenant of Paine's; of Mr. Buyer, with whom he was intimate; of Thomas Nixon and Capt. Daniel Pelton, both of whom knew him well; of Amasa Woodsworth, who was with him when he died; of John Fellows, who boarded at the same house; of James Wilburn, with whom he boarded; of B. F. Haskins, a lawyer, who was well acquainted with him, and called upon him during his last illness; of Walter Morton, President of the Phœnix Insurance Company; of Clio Rickman, who had known him for many years; of

Willet and Elias Hicks, Quakers, who knew him intimately and well; of Judge Hertell, H. Margary, Elihu Palmer, and many others. All these testified to the fact that Mr. Paine was a temperate man. In those days nearly everybody used spirituous liquors. Paine was not an exception, but he did not drink to excess. Mr. Lovett, who kept the City Hotel, where Paine stopped, in a note to Caleb Bingham declared that Paine drank less than any boarder he had.

Against all this evidence Christians produce the story of Grant Thorburn, the story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham, that an elder in his church told him that Paine was a drunkard, corroborated by the Rev. Charles Hawley, and an extract from Lossing's history to the same effect. The evidence is overwhelmingly against them. Will you have the fairness to admit it? Their witnesses are merely the repeaters of the falsehoods of James Cheetham, the convicted libeler.

After all, drinking is not as bad as lying. An honest drunkard is better than a calumniator of the dead. "A remnant of old mortality drunk, bloated, and half-asleep," is better than a perfectly sober defender of human slavery. To become drunk is a virtue compared with stealing a babe from the breast of its mother. Drunkenness is one of the beatitudes, compared with editing a religious paper devoted to the defense of slavery upon the ground that it is a divine institution. Do you think that Paine was a drunken beast when he wrote "Common Sense," a pamphlet that aroused three millions of people, as people were never aroused by words before? Was he a drunken beast when he wrote the "Crisis?" Was it to a drunken beast that the following letter was addressed:

ROCKY HILL, September 10, 1783.—I have learned, since I have been at this place, that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either, or both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you at it. Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself your sincere friend, GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Do you think that Paine was a drunken beast when the following letters were received by him:

You express a wish in your letter to return to America in a national ship. Mr. Dawson, who brings over the treaty, and who will present you with this letter, is charged with orders to the Captain of the Maryland to receive and accommodate you back, if you can be ready to depart at such a short warning. You will, in general, find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times; in these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living. That

you may live long to continue your useful labors, and reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept the assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

It has been very generally propagated through the continent that I wrote the pamphlet "Common Sense." I could not have written anything in so manly and striking a style. JOHN ADAMS.

A few more such *flaming* arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet "Common Sense," will not leave numbers at a loss to decide on the propriety of a separation.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is not necessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen —I speak of the great mass of the people—are interested in your welfare. They have not forgotten the history of their own revolution, and the difficult scenes through which they passed; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I trust never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important services in our revolution, but as being on a more extensive scale the friend of human right and a distinguished and able advocate in favor of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine, the Americans are not, nor can they be, indifferent.

JAMES MONROE.

No writer has exceeded Paine in ease and familiarity of style, in perspicuity of expression, happiness of elucidation, and in simple and unassuming language. THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Was it in consideration of the services of a drunken beast that the Legislature of Pennsylvania presented Thomas Paine with £500 sterling? Did the State of New York feel indebted to a drunken beast, and confer upon Thomas Paine an estate of several hundred acres? Did the Congress of the United States thank him for his services because he had lived a drunken and beastly life? Was he elected a member of the French convention because he was a drunken beast? Was it the act of a drunken beast to put his own life in jeopardy by voting against the death of the King? Was it because he was a drunken beast that he opposed the "Reign of Terror"—that he endeavored to stop the shedding of blood, and did all in his power to protect even his own enemies? Do the following extracts sound like the words of a drunken beast:

I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy.

My own mind is my own church.

It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself.

Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child can not be a true system.

The work of God is the creation which we behold.

The age of ignorance commenced with the Christian system.

It is with a pious fraud as with a bad action—it begets a calamitous necessity of going on.

To read the Bible without horror, we must undo everything that is tender, sympathizing, and benevolent in the heart of man.

The man does not exist who can say I have persecuted him, or that I have, in any case, returned evil for evil.

Of all the tyrants that afflict mankind, tyranny in religion is the worst.

The belief in a cruel God makes a cruel man.

My own opinion is, that those whose lives have been spent in doing good, and endeavoring to make their fellow-mortals happy, will be happy hereafter.

The intellectual part of religion is a private affair between every man and his Maker, and in which no third party has any right to interfere. The practical part consists in our doing good to each other.

No man ought to make a living by religion. One person can not act religion for another—every person must act for himself.

One good school-master is of more use than a hundred priests.

Let us propagate morality, unfettered by superstition.

God is the power, or first cause; nature is the law, and matter is the subject acted upon.

I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

The key of happiness is not in the keeping of any sect, nor ought the road to it to be obstructed by any.

My religion, and the whole of it, is the fear and love of the Deity, and universal philanthropy.

I have yet, I believe, some years in store, for I have a good state of health and a happy mind. I take care of both, by nourishing the first with temperance and the latter with abundance.

He lives immured within the bastile of a word.

How perfectly that sentence describes the orthodox. The bastile in which they are immured is the word "Calvinism."

Man has no property in man.

The world is my country, to do good my religion.

I ask again whether these splendid utterances came from the lips of a drunken beast?

"Man has no property in man."

What a splendid motto that would make for the religious newspapers of this country thirty years ago. I ask, again, whether these splendid utterances came from the lips of a drunken beast?

Only a little while ago—two or three days—I read a report of an address made by Bishop Doane, an Episcopal Bishop in apostolic succession—regular line from Jesus Christ down to Bishop Doane. The Bishop was making a speech to young preachers—the sprouts, the theological buds. He took it upon him to advise them all against early marriages. Let us look at it. Do you believe there is any duty that man owes to God that will prevent a man marrying the woman he loves? Is there some duty that I owe to the clouds that will prevent me from marrying some good, sweet woman? Now, just think of that! I tell you, young man, you marry as soon as you can find her and support her. I had rather have one woman that I know than any amount of gods that I am not acquainted with. If there is any revelation from God to man, a good woman is the best revelation He has ever made; and I will admit that that revelation was inspired.

Now, on the subject of marriage, let me offset the speech of Bishop Doane by a word from this "wretched infidel:"

Though I appear a sorry wanderer, the marriage state has not a sincerer friend than I. It is the harbor of human life, and is, with respect to the things of this world, what the next world is to this. It is home, and that one word conveys more than any other word can express. For a few years we may glide along the tide of a single life, but it is a tide that flows but once, and, what is still worse, it ebbs faster than it flows, and leaves many a hapless voyager aground. I am one, you see, that has experienced the fall I am describing. I have lost my tide; it passed by while every throb of my heart was on the wing for the salvation of America, and I have now, as contentedly as I can, made myself a little tower of walls on that shore that has the solitary resemblance of home

I just want you to know what this dreadful infidel thought of home. I just wanted you to know what Thomas Paine thought of home.

Then here is another letter that Thomas Paine wrote to congress on the 21st day of January, 1808, and I wanted you to know those two. It is only a short one:

To the Honorable the Senate of the United States: The purport of this address is to state a claim I feel myself entitled to make on the United States, leaving it to their representatives in congress to decide on its worth and its merits. The case is as follows:

Toward the latter end of the year 1780 the continental money had become depreciated—the paper dollar being then not more than a cent—that it seemed next to impossible to continue the war. As the United States was then in alliance with France, it became necessary to make France acquainted with our real situation. I therefore drew up a letter to the Count De Vergennes, stating undisguisedly the whole case, and concluding with a request whether France could not, either as a sub-

sidy or a loan, supply the United States with a million pounds sterling, and continue that supply, annually, during the war. I showed this letter to Mr. Morbois, secretary of the French minister. His remark upon it was that a million sent out of the nation exhausted it more than ten millions spent in it. I then showed it to Mr. Ralph Izard, member of congress from South Carolina. He borrowed the letter of me and said: "We will endeavor to do something about it in congress." Accordingly, congress then appointed John A. Laurens to go to France and make representation for the purpose of obtaining assistance. Col. Laurens wished to decline the mission, and asked that congress would appoint Col. Hamilton, who did not choose to do it. Col. Laurens then came and stated the case to me, and said that he was well enough acquainted with the military difficulties of the army, but he was not acquainted with political affairs, or with the resources of the country, to undertake such a mission. Said he, "If you will go with me I will accept the mission." This I agreed to do, and did do. We sailed from Boston in the Alliance frigate February, 1781, and arrived in France in the beginning of March. The aid obtained from France was six millions of livres, as at present, and ten millions as a loan, borrowed in Holland on the security of France. We sailed from Brest in the French frigate Resolue the 1st of June, and arrived at Boston on the 25th of August, bringing with us two millions and a half in silver, and conveying a ship and a brig laden with clothing and military stores.

The money was transported with sixteen ox teams to the National bank at Philadelphia, which enabled our army to move to Yorktown to attack in conjunction with the French army under Rochambeau, the British army under Cornwallis.

As I never had a single cent for these services, I felt myself entitled, as the country is now in a state of prosperity, to state the case to congress.

As to my political works, beginning with the pamphlet "Common Sense," published the beginning of January 1776, which awakened America to a declaration of independence, as the president and vice-president both know, as they were works done from principle I can not dishonor that principle by ever asking any reward for them. The country has been benefited by them, and I make myself happy in the knowledge of that benefit. It is, however, proper for me to add that the mere independence of America, were it to have been followed by a system of government modeled after the corrupt system of the English government, would not have interested me with the unabated ardor it did. It was to bring forward and establish a representative system of government. As the work itself will show, that was the leading principle with me in writing that work, and all my other works during the progress of the revolution, and I followed the same principle in writing in English the "Rights of Man."

After the failure of the 5 per cent. duty recommended by congress to pay the interest of the loan to be borrowed in Holland, I wrote to Chancellor Livingston, then minister for foreign affairs, and Robert Morris, minister of finance, and proposed a method for getting over the difficulty at once, which was by adding a continental legislature which should be empowered to make laws for the whole union instead of recommending them. So the method proposed met with their full approbation. I held myself in reserve to take a step up whenever a direct occasion occurred.

In a conversation afterward with Gov. Clinton, of New York, now vice-president, it was judged that for the purpose of my going fully into the subject, and to prevent any misconstruction of my motive or object, it would be best that I received nothing from congress, but to leave it to the states individually to make me what acknowledgment they pleased. The State of New York presented me with a farm, which since my return to America, I have found it necessary to sell, and the State of Pennsylvania voted me £500 of their currency, but none of the states to the east of New York, or the south of Pennsylvania, have made me the least acknowledgment. They had received benefits from me which they accepted, and there the matter ended. This story will not tell well in history. All the civilized world knows I have been of great service to the United States, and have generously given away that which would easily have made me a fortune. I much question if an instance is to be found in ancient or modern times of a man who had no personal interest in the case to take up that of the establishment of a representative government, and who sought neither place nor office after it was established; that pursued the same undeviating principles that I had for more than thirty years, and that in spite of dangers, difficulties, and inconveniences of which I have had my share. THOMAS PAINE.

An old man in Pennsylvania told me once that his father hired a old revolutionary soldier by the name of Thomas Martin to work for him. Martin was then quite an old man; and there was an old Presbyterian preacher used to come there, by the name of Crawford, and he sat down by the fire and he got to talking one night, among other things, about Thomas Paine—what a wretched, infamous dog he was; and while he was in the midst of this conversation the old soldier rose from the fireplace, and he walked over to the preacher, and he said to him: "Did you ever see Thomas Paine?" "No." "Well," he says, "I have; I saw him at Valley Forge. I heard read at the head of every regiment and company the letters of Thomas Paine. I heard them read the 'Crisis,' and I saw Thomas Paine writing on the head of a drum, sitting at the bivouac fire, those simple words that inspired every patriot's bosom, and I want to tell you Mr. Preacher, that Thomas Paine did more for liberty than any priest that ever lived in this world.

And yet they say he was afraid to die! Afraid of what? Is there any God in heaven that hates a patriot? If there is Thomas Paine ought to be afraid to die. Is there any God that would damn a man for helping to free three millions of people? If Thomas Paine was in hell to-night, and could get God's attention long enough to point him to the old banner of the stars floating over America, God would have to let him out. What would he be afraid of? Had he ever burned anybody? No. Had he ever put anybody in the inquisition? No. Ever put the thumb-screw on anybody? No. Ever put anybody in prison so that some poor wife and mother would come and hold her little babe up at the grated window that the man bound to the floor might get one glimpse of his blue-eyed babe? Did he ever do that?

Did he ever light a fagot? Did he ever tear human flesh? Why, what had he to be afraid of? He had helped to make the world free. He had helped create the only republic then on the earth. What was he afraid of? Was God a tory? It won't do.

One would think from the persistence with which the orthodox have charged for the last seventy years that Thomas Paine recanted, that there must be some evidence of some kind to support these charges. Even with my ideas of the average honor of the believers in superstition, the average truthfulness of the disciples of fear, I did not believe that all those infamies rested solely upon poorly-attested falsehoods. I had charity enough to suppose that something had been said or done by Thomas Paine capable of being tortured into a foundation of all these calumnies. What crime had Thomas Paine committed that he should have feared to die? The only answer you can give is that he denied the inspiration of the scriptures. If that is crime, the civilized world is filled with criminals The pioneers of human thought, the intellectual leaders of this world, the foremost men in every science, the kings of literature and art, those who stand in the front of investigation, the men who are civilizing and elevating and refining mankind, are all unbelievers in the ignorant dogma of inspiration.

Why should we think Thomas Paine was afraid to die? and why should the American people malign the memory of that great man? He was the first to advocate the separation from the mother country. He was the first to write these words: "The United States of America." Think of maligning that man! He was the first to lift his voice against human slavery, and while hundreds and thousands of ministers all over the United States not only believed in slavery, but bought and sold women and babes in the name of Jesus Christ, this infidel, this wretch who is now burning in the flames of hell, lifted his voice against human slavery and said: "It is robbery, and a slaveholder is a theif; the whipper of women is a barbarian; the seller of a child is a savage." No wonder that the theiving hypocrite of his day hated him!

I have no love for any man who ever pretended to own a human being. I have no love for a man that would sell a babe from the mother's throbbing, heaving, agonized breast. I have no respect for a man who considered a lash on the naked back as a legal tender for labor performed. So write it down, Thomas Paine was the first great abolitionist of America.

Now let me tell you another thing. He was the first man to raise his voice for the abolition of the death penalty in the French convention. What more did he do? He was the first to suggest a federal constitution for the United States. He saw that the old articles of confederation

were nothing; that they were ropes of water and chains of mist, and he said, "We want a federal constitution so that when you pass a law raising 5 per cent. you can make the states pay it." Let us give him his due. What were all these preachers doing at that time?

He hated superstition; he loved the truth. He hated tyranny; he loved liberty. He was the friend of the human race. He lived a brave and thoughtful life. He was a good and true and generous man, and he died as he lived. Like a great and peaceful river with green and shaded banks, without a murmur, without a ripple, he flowed into the waveless ocean of eternal peace. I love him; I love every man who gave me, or helped to give me the liberty I enjoy to-night; I love every man who helped me put our flag in heaven. I love every man who has lifted his voice in any age for liberty, for a chainless body and a fetterless brain. I love every man who has given to every other human being every right that he claimed for himself. I love every man who has thought more of principle than he has of position. I love the men who have trampled crowns beneath their feet that they might do something for mankind, and for that reason I love Thomas Paine.

I thank you all, ladies and gentlemen, every one—every one, for the attention you have given me this evening.

THE

AUDIPHONE

A NEW INVENTION

THAT ENABLES

THE DEAF

TO HEAR THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE TEETH, AND THE DEAF AND DUMB TO HEAR AND LEARN TO SPEAK.

A Class of Deaf Mutes Listening to Music for the First Time, by aid of the AUDIPHONE.
(From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, Dec. 13, 1879.)

Invented by RICHARD S. RHODES, Chicago, Ill.

SOLD ONLY BY

RHODES & McCLURE,

Methodist Church Block, Chicago.

1880.

A Young Lady from Washington Heights Deaf and Dumb Institute. New York City Hearing her Own Voice for the First Time.

THE AUDIPHONE.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF.

An Instrument that enables the Deaf to Hear with Ease through the Medium of the Teeth, and the Deaf and Dumb to Hear and Learn to Speak.

INVENTED BY R. S. RHODES, CHICAGO, ILLS.

The Audiphone resembles a fan. It is made of a peculiar composition, that, like a telephone diaphragm, gathers the faintest sounds and conveys them, through the medium of the teeth and auditory nerve, to the brain.

When in use the instrument is strung, or bent, to the proper tension and its upper edge is pressed against the edge of the upper teeth. See Figs. 1, 2, 3.

Fig. 1. The Audiphone in its natural position; used as a fan.

Fig. 2. The Audiphone in tension; the proper position for hearing.

Fig. 3. The Audiphone properly adjusted to the upper teeth; ready for use. (Side view.)

With ordinarily good upper teeth and auditory nerve the Audiphone gives good satisfaction. With artificial teeth, if they fit firmly, it gives good results.

Care should be taken, in all cases, to adjust the instrument properly.

Persons not accustomed to hearing *articulate* sounds, or who, by the use of ear trumpets, have become accustomed to *unnatural* sound, will generally require a little practice before they get the full benefit of the instrument.

In all cases the result improves as the instrument is used. Its use also improves the natural sense of hearing.

FROM PERSONS USING THE AUDIPHONE.

The following testimony is in all respects authentic, and in every instance has come to Rhodes & McClure, unsolicited. The same is also true concerning the notices "From the Press."

"I hear ordinary conversation with ease, and it is a wonder to me every time I use it. Sounds that I had not heard for years and had quite forgotten came back distinctly, and the more I use it the better I like it. "ABBIE R. STEVENS,
"Oct. 9, 1879. "Salem, Mass."

"I attend church, hear perfectly six pews from the desk, *and can not hear the minister's voice without the Audiphone.* I go to lectures and concerts, and, in short, am alive again and a part of the world. Sometimes I think my Audiphone is bewitched, it works so well. "ABBIE. R. STEVENS."
"Dec. 13, 1879. [Second Letter.]

"The Audiphone came O. K. By its aid I am now able to join in general conversation, which I have not been able to do for eighteen years. "H. K. TAYLOR,
"Nov. 21, 1879. "Cleveland, O."

"The 'Phone at hand; and on trial even more satisfactory than could be expected at first use. My wife and friends are delighted and enthusiastic over it. They are rejoiced that I can hear, and I am glad that it no longer requires an effort on their part to enable me to do so. "E. C. ELY (firm, Reynolds & Ely),
"Oct. 4, 1879. "Peoria, Ills."

"114 South Twenty-First Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 15.
"Messrs. Rhodes & McClure.—The Audiphone arrived safely, and I hasten to assure you of its *perfect* success for *my* hearing. In ordinary conversation I can not use it against the eye-teeth as it makes the voices too loud, although the Audiphone is scarcely drawn. I entered into general conversation with perfect ease, last evening, for the first time for five or six years. A melodeon or piano I hear distinctly at great distances. Reading aloud is also easily heard. My family and friends are so rejoiced at my success, and regard the instrument in wonder. My physician is delighted with it, and thinks, as my deafness arose greatly from nervousness, that the Audiphone will stimulate the auditory nerve, and possibly benefit or restore my sense of hearing. The terrible strain being taken from my mind gives me such rest and good spirits that I almost forget my deafness.
"Yours very truly, "MRS. F. A. LEX."

"Messrs. Rhodes & McClure.—The Audiphone, per Adams' Express, arrived all right, and my wife is delighted with it. She has been to the theater and other public entertainments, and for the first time in twelve years was she able to hear all that was said.
"Dec. 9, 1879. "H. A. BARRY, 26 Post Office Ave., Baltimore, Md."

"My Audiphone is the wonder of the day. It helps me wonderfully in conversation.
"B. H. MULFORD, ESQ., Montrose, Pa."

"My deafness is of long standing, having originated from an attack of scarlet fever more than thirty years ago. The hearing in each ear is defective and in one almost completely impaired. The Audiphone forwarded has been tested in ordinary conversation and also by attendance upon the opera and perfectly subserves the purposes for which it was intended. My hearing when using the instrument is as acute as though no infirmity existed and the effect of the use of the instrument has appreciably toned up and improved the auditory organs—so much so as to have attracted the attention of my family.
"I have exhibited the instrument to several friends afflicted with deafness. Among the parties who have determined to use your invention are Judge McCorkle, of California; Gen. Boynton, of the Cincinnati Gazette; and General Markham, a resident of this city. All of these gentlemen are afflicted with defective hearing.
"G. W. CARTER,
"Nov. 28, 1879. Washington, D. C.

"I find that the more accustomed I become to the use of my Audiphone the better results do I obtain, and having been quite deaf for over thirty years I can assure you it is a great gratification to be able to attend any place where public speaking is going on and hear all that is uttered by the speakers—a pleasure that has been denied me all that time.
Nov. 26, 1879. "JOHN B. SCOTT, New York."

"It answers the purpose admirably. Has created quite a sensation among my friends.
"Sept. 21, 1879. "E. F. TEST, Claim Agent, U. P. R. R., "Omaha, Neb."

"Your Audiphone to hand. The lady (my sister) has tried it and finds she can hear now an ordinary conversation which she can not do without it. I would not part with it for ten times its cost.
"W. W. EVANS,
"Sept., 1879. "Grant Locomotive Works, Paterson, N. J."

"I procured an Audiphone yesterday and can already hear quite well an ordinary conversation. "HENRY MILNES, Cold Water, Mich."

"Music *clear* in any part of the room. To say that I am gratified would only express moderately how I feel. "G. H. PAINE, Freemont, Neb., Sept. 30, 1879."

"The Audiphone is a great benefit to me. Without it music is a confused murmur of sounds; with it I can hear the different parts as well as I ever could.
"Dec. 6, 1879. "ABBIE WEST, Canton, Ills."

"I am satisfied from experiments which I have witnessed that, excepting instances in which the Auditory nerve is totally paralyzed, all the deaf may, by its help, be enabled to hear and intelligently converse. "REV. S. H. WELLER, D.D., Morrison, Ills."

"I have been deaf for thirty years, but can now hear distinctly with the Audiphone.
"JOHN ATKINSON,
"Sept. 19, 1879. "Sec., Treas. and Sup't Racine (Wis.) Gaslight Co."

"St. Joseph's Institute,
"Fordham, (near New York City,) Dec. 4, 1879.

"On Tuesday, the 2d inst., the Audiphone was tested by a number of pupils of the Institute with the following results:

"Cecilia Lynch, aged 16, is supposed to have been deaf from birth. It has, however, been remarked that she could hear very loud sounds and could sometimes distinguish her own name if spoken in a loud tone by a person quite close to her. She says also that she sometimes hears the strains of the organ in the chapel, but so far from deriving any pleasure from the music the confused sounds are very disagreeable to her. By the use of the Audiphone she not only heard distinctly but could repeat almost every word spoken to her. As she has been instructed in articulation and reads easily from the lips it was thought that this knowledge assisted her. One of the persons present then stood behind her and repeated several words which she readily imitated, thus proving, beyond a doubt, the value of the Audiphone.

"Annie Toohey, aged 10 years, became deaf at the age of three from spinal meningitis. It was supposed that her hearing was completely destroyed, but on applying the Audiphone to her teeth she heard and distinctly repeated after Mr. Rhodes several of the letters of the alphabet. This little girl has begun to make considerable progress in articulation, but up to the day on which she tried the Audiphone the vowel E appeared to be an insurmountable difficulty to her; by the aid of the Audiphone she repeated it with perfect distinctness.

"Another little girl, Sarah Flemming, also heard the voice of Mr. Rhodes and others who spoke to her. As in the preceding case, her deafness was caused by spinal meningitis, by which she was attacked when five years of age. By the aid of the Audiphone she was able to repeat several sounds.

"Several others tested the Audiphone with more or less success.
"MARY B. MORGAN, Principal."

In a later letter (Dec. 12) Miss Morgan states: "No doubt the Audiphone will be of great service to our pupils."

"Western and Atlantic R. Co. Office Treasurer.
"Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 18, 1879.

"Messrs. Rhodes & McClure.—Will you please send me a Conversational Audiphone by Express C. O. D., the price of which is $10, as per advertisement.
"Very respectfully,
"W. C. MERRILL, Sec. and Treas. W. & A. R. Co."

"Please send me another Conversational Audiphone by Express."—(Telegram from W. C. Merrill, Nov. 24, 1879.)

"Please send me Concert Audiphone by Express."—(Telegram from same, Dec. 9.)

"Please send me Conversational Audiphone by Express."—(Telegram from same, December 12.) [N.B.—Mr. Merrill is not an agent. He purchased these Audiphones, per telegram, for friends who had seen his instrument.]

"R. S. Rhodes, Esq.—Dear Sir.—I avail myself of this opportunity to tender to you my best wishes for the success of your philanthropic invention.
"Yours,
"JAMES J. BARCLAY,
"Dec. 9, 1879. "Sec. Penn. Institute for Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia."

FROM THE PRESS.

"We have seen and tested the Audiphone, to which we feel under obligations because alone of the magical and blessed boon it has proved to several loved personal friends. In some cases the relief has been instantaneous, magical, and, to the patients, overwhelming. We have seen friends burst into glad tears and sink quietly to the floor under the glad stroke of gratitude and joy."—*N. W. C. Advocate* (from the Editor, Dr. Edwards).

"Each note of the musician and each tone of the singer come as clearly and distinctly as they did before my sense of hearing was impaired."—*Hon. Joseph Medill, Editor Chicago Tribune.*

"A man deafer than Edison has shown, by the Audiphone, that people born deaf or made deaf by disease, can actually be made to hear to a greater or less extent."—*Detroit Free Press.* Nov. 25, 1879.

"It is valuable, and will materially help in the education of children like those at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and will doubtless prove an effective aid to the many people of impaired hearing. Its discovery therefore is a cause for congratulation, and its attractive appearance and convenience for use, so different from the old-fashioned ear trumpet, will serve to bring it largely into use."—*Hartford* (*Conn.*) *Courant.*

"Deaf mutes were able to hear the music of the piano when at a considerable distance from the instrument."—*N. Y. Observer's Report of Private Exhibition.*

"This wonderful invention promises to be one of great value."—*Illustrated N. Y. Christian Weekly.*

"Mr. Rhodes has shown that people born deaf, or made deaf by disease, can actually be made to hear."—*New York World.*

"Tests were satisfactorily applied to several members of a class of deaf mutes who were present, and the pleasure at hearing sound evinced by one young girl was most interesting and touching. A new organ, or a new use for an organ, is discovered, if not created."—*From Jenny June's Letter in Baltimore American.* Dec. 1, 1879.

"Mr. James Samuelson exhibited, in the Lecture Hall of the Free Library, Liverpool, England, an instrument designed as an aid to the deaf—the Audiphone -which he met with during his late visit to America. . . . The general result appeared to be that, provided the auditory nerve itself was in a healthy condition, the Audiphone was of great assistance to deaf persons."—*Liverpool Daily Post.* Dec. 2, 1879.

"No spectacles will give a blind man sight, but the new instrument does give a deaf man hearing."—*The Interior.* Sept. 8, 1879.

"We have seen persons hear sound in this way (with Audiphone) who never knew what sound was."—*Advance.*

"Catharine Lewis, a young lady, also an inmate of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Philadelphia, ordinarily was able to hear a very loud voice. With the Audiphone she could hear and repeat words uttered in a conversational key."—*Philadelphia Record's Report of Exhibition in Philadelphia.* Dec. 9, 1879.

"Not a few of the interested auditors were enabled to follow the proceedings by means of Audiphones, and all such cheerfully added their testimony to the great amelioration of what was, in some cases, almost total deafness of many years' standing."—*Philadelphia Times' Report of Philadelphian Exhibition.* Dec. 9, 1879.

"At last the deaf are made to hear. Failing to hear through the front door of the ear the Audiphone carries it to the back."—*Concord* (*N. H.*) *Daily Monitor.* November 25, 1879.

"The deaf-mutes were enabled to distinguish the difference between sounds, and enjoyed the singing of one of the ladies."—*New York Tribune's Report of Exhibition.* Nov. 22, 1879.

"The mutes tested the Audiphone. A young man who had been deaf from infancy heard words spoken in the tone of ordinary conversation."—*New York Sun's Report of Exhibition.* Nov. 22, 1879.

"In this invention Mr. Rhodes has proved himself a benefactor."—*The Standard.* Sept. 25, 1879.

"A very valuable Invention."—*Evening* (*Milwaukee*) *Wisconsin, Editor, J. F. Cramer.* Oct. 1, 1879.

"The fact of hearing through the medium of the teeth has long been known, but it has remained for the inventor of the Audiphone to utilize this fact for the benefit of the afflicted."—*New York Star.* Nov. 22, 1879.

"A class of deaf-mutes from the Washington Heights Asylum were present, and the tests with them were quite satisfactory. Some heard the notes of the piano for the first time."—*New York Evangelist's Report of New York Exhibition.* Nov. 27, 1879.

"Seems to discount any of the instruments invented by Edison to aid the hearing."—*New Orleans Times.* Nov. 27, 1879.

"The invention will have practical value."—*New York Herald.*

"It is all the inventor claims it to be." *Evansville (Ind.) Journal.* Nov. 30, 1879.

"The Trial was an eminent success."—*Boston Traveler.* Dec. 2, 1879.

"It has been tested with remarkable results in the Indiana Institute for the Deaf."—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.* December, 1879.

"The Audiphone, for the deaf, is likely to supersede the ear trumpet altogether; is not at all objectionable to carry or to use, and enables thousands who never heard a sound in their lives to distinguish letters, words and music for the first time."—*Church Union.* November 29, 1879.

"Immense value for the deaf."—*The Faderneslandet.* Sept., 1879.

"The deaf, who had only heard conversation by its being shouted in a very loud tone or by the use of the ear trumpet, found that they could hear conversation in the ordinary tone with considerable ease."—*Providence (R. I.) Journal Report of Experiments in Providence, R. I.*

"Has proved a signal success."—*Albany (N. Y.) Press.*

"Would be easily mistaken for a fan."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

"In many cases of deafness, where the auditory nerve is impaired, the Audiphone can be of no avail; but where, as is often the case, the defect is only in those parts of the ear by which vibrations are conveyed to the nerve from without, this invention will prove a great boon."—*Washington (D. C.) Post.* Oct. 27, 1879.

"Will practically restore to speech and hearing a large class of afflicted persons."—*Toronto (Canada) Mail.* Dec. 5, 1879.

"Great benefit to those partially deaf."—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.* Nov 6, 1879.

"Earlier reports are fully borne out by later experiments."—*Denver Times.* December 6, 1879.

"Mr Rhodes was warmly congratulated by the company, and Mr. Peter Cooper spoke of his invention as a blessing and a godsend to the afflicted."—*Correspondent's Report of New York Exhibition, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.* Nov. 29.

"A new and ingenious device by which the deaf are enabled to hear through the medium of the teeth."—*New York Graphic.* Nov. 21, 1879.

"One of the wonders of this day of telephones, phonographs and the like, is the Audiphone, invented by Richard S. Rhodes, of Chicago, which enables deaf people to hear with their teeth. People who have once heard, but have grown deaf, and thus know the meaning of sounds and can talk themselves, practically have perfect hearing restored by the use of the Audiphone."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Had it in our possession not more than two minutes before we were satisfied that it was at least all that we anticipated, but have since found it to be much superior to anticipations. Besides, we find it to improve by use, also to improve our natural hearing, which is remarkable."—*Editor Germantown Telegraph, Philadelphia, Nov.* 26, 1879.

"With a little practice the sounds thus received are interpreted the same as if they reached the nerves of hearing through the ear."—*Scientific American.*

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